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I LIKE MEN

By . . .
DANA VIVIAN

I like men . . . For twenty-five years I have had an entrancing life allowing them to pursue me, zealously keeping my pace at a moderate—and, I always optimistically hope, graceful—lope, so that the pursuit was not too breathless.

While not claiming to be in the Helen of Troy class, I can claim some success in this absorbing and worthwhile occupation.

I STARTED out well at the age of six when a little boy at kindergarten insisted on carrying my rabbit-fur muff home for me.

After that the years were drear and empty until I was about fifteen. A brotherless member of a family of four daughters, terror of small boys prevented my launching myself on my hobby until I had my first evening model — a dashing number created by myself of blue washing satin, with magyar sleeves to the elbow and a trellis of crimson rambler roses round the waist.

Looking back along the male-strewn corridor of my years I find that the males I like to pursue me now are very different from those of the blue washing-satin era.

I pick some of them out, bless their hearts, at random—like precious bottles of rare vintage from a well-stocked cellar.

There was the Boy Scout era—Alec and John. Alec was shy and brown-eyed. He sat on the edge of the moonlit verandah, never closer than six feet away from me, and declared his affection by whistling the more soulful phrases of popular songs.

John, six feet, red-haired, and blue-eyed, was more practical. He brought me large, square boxes of chocolates edged with ruched satin.

The "apple-catcher" era followed. No self-respecting girl of sixteen would be seen with a boy in ordinary short pants. They had to be "apple - catchers" (knickerbockers).

This era was faintly tinged with intellectuality. Rex, skinny, freckled, and buck-toothed, talked Shakespeare all the way to school by train, pausing to attempt to kiss me in the railway tunnel.

Eagle-profiled Geoffrey won the hurdles, the high jump, and the 440 yards the day I won the hundred yards. Oh, proud and thrilling day!

In my late teens sport held sway. Roy was a cricketer—interstate, what's more.

As he walked out to bat in his superb cream flannels, his blond hair (parted in the middle) gleaming in the sun, my madly beating heart would make the benches shake.

Harry was a speed fiend. He had converted an old car into a speed car, and, dressed in tweeds and tweed cap pulled down over his steely, narrowed eyes, he would take us on practice runs, hurtling round the local streets under the admiring or censorious gaze of the neighbors.

I first knew real anguish when Harry was to compete on The Track. After half a dozen other Daredevils of the Saucer had been extricated from a tangled mass of metal, Harry drove on to the starting-line.

But my anguish was unnecessary —our streamlined (we thought) miracle of speed would not start.

It was then I had to learn the role of the gentle, patient comforter. Harry had a somewhat protracted attack of temperament.

Ronald and William are identified with my "intellectual" phase.

Ronald was very handsome in a rather half-starved sort of way. He

had longish, curly, black hair, very wild, bit his nails, and played the violin divinely.

He always played it at me, which was very satisfactory. Eventually the family rebelled because Ronald always tried out his compositions—dedicated to me—at our place.

William was writing a novel, lived in a bachelor flat in the city—rather daring in those days.

William introduced me to other young men and women who talked a great deal, quoted Voltaire, and thought a first edition was more important than a square meal.

My presents were now no longer chocolates. They were Omar Khayyam, O. Henry, and Oscar Wilde.

My foreign phase came with a trip abroad. The shipboard romance —without which no woman worthy of the name should be—was a pallid flower compared with the exotic blossoms garnered on the Continent.

There was Hans, offering me his heart and hand under a laburnum tree in Amsterdam, and—philosophic when I spurned his suit—asking, well if I would not wed him would I send him some foreign postage stamps.

And Pierre, in Paris, almost kneeling on the steps of my very respectable family hotel, asked me to wed, with the added recommendation that "My heart is on fire for you."

And back to earth again when, on the ship coming home, a fellow countryman asked me was I a good cook, then proposed marriage to me in a few well-chosen words.

When a torturingly handsome young man says to you, "Gosh, you must have been lovely when you were young," you know you are perilously near to being "over the hill."

There is no need for alarm, however. It is in the thirties that life is at its most interesting.

You have much more confidence. You can leave a party at midnight to get a good night's sleep without feeling you might miss something.

You know it is far more effective if your hat and frock are "right" for you. Up till thirty the important thing, you thought, was that your frock and hat should be new.

If the hostess has humane ideas on lighting you are entitled to expect that men of all ages from twenty to seventy should find you pretty exciting.

As the forties inexorably roll toward you, you meet two types of very young men.

One says "If only you were ten years younger."

The other says, "If I were only ten years older." A benign fate has flung more of the latter than the former in my path.

There is another, who provokes a feeling of scepticism, who says feelingly, "You will never be any older than you are now."

And where, you might ask, has all this philandering led you?

I am pleased and amazed to divulge that it has led me at last to the sheltered close of matrimony.

And, surveying that corridor again, he is not perhaps so very different from the boys at the far end—the boys of the Boy Scout era.

He, too, wears a uniform. He, too, is shy, though he doesn't whistle popular songs, because he has no idea of tune.

He doesn't bring me chocolates. He brings me cheese and fruit and his Service food coupons.

He says I sometimes look my age, and adds, "Thank heaven for that."

And, best of all, girls, he is kind. —which is more than diamonds or chocolates.

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In the Red and Blue Carton . . 2/6

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SUNDAY IN THE PARK

She had to keep an important rendezvous with a dream.

PUBLIC LIBRARY 30 JAN 1945 NEW SOUTH WALES

"I believe he recognises you, Jake. He snorted at you," said Lacey.

IT was a summer Sunday in Central Park Zoo. A bright sun blessed the comforting green of the grass and trees, the boats in the lake, the popcorn stands, the mournful yak in his little zoo yard.

Among all these wonders strolled people who on the straight, ringing streets were harried and hurried; here they idled along, or sat and read, or fed the squirrels.

Lacey Jewett came into the Park as though it were a haven. The loneliness in her face remained, but it grew less acute.

She wandered around to the plaza overlooking the sea lions' pool, making, as she did every Sunday when she came along to the Park, a conscious effort to recreate the past. She tried to forget Mrs. Lacey Jewett, who shared an apartment with a couple of girls she didn't know very well, and who worked long hours to help some large machinery make things for the war. She was back two summers, to Mrs. Jake Jewett, who had a place on Tenth Street, a cocker puppy named Groucho, friends, and a husband—most of all, a husband.

Suddenly she was thinking so intensely of Jake, she felt he must be near. She told herself tiredly: I must be getting a little crazy.

She shook her shoulders and moved down the steps, up to the railing where a sign said: Sea Lion, Zalophus californianus. A soldier, his eyes fixed on the pool, moved his arm to make room.

Very carefully she did not look at him. I'll look in two minutes, she told herself, glancing at her watch. No, one minute. Oh, go on—look now. Get it over with. It won't be Jake.

She had been doing this sort of thing all over Manhattan and the Bronx for a year and a half now, every time she saw a soldier. She had been doing it ever since that day right after Pearl Harbor when she had got back from Reno and called his office.

She had been going to say: "I was wrong, Jake. I need you terribly. Let's start again."

And his secretary, not recognising her voice, had said: "Mr. Jewett is no longer with us." Then: "He's enlisted."

So Lacey hung up without getting his address. He's busy now, she had thought, he's busy with a big war. He can't be bothered with an ex-wife who wants to be his wife again.

A sea lion rolled with slippery ease to the surface right in front of her, snorted happily and climbed out on to the ice, shaking its whiskers. The soldier next to her laughed.

Lacey stared up at the sea lion and thought: I am crazy. Then very slowly she turned her head toward the laughter.

For months she had thought of all the vivid and wonderful things she would say if one of these anonymous uniforms turned out to have Jake in it. But suddenly it was important not to say them, to throw a cloak of ease and detachment round her loneliness and love. I must have some pride, she told herself, and turning swiftly back to the sea lions, she said casually, "I believe he recognises you. He snorted at you, Jake."

And then she was embarrassed. She hadn't meant to remind him of the old days. And she was intensely embarrassed over the outfit. Why did I wear it to-day? she thought, forgetting that it was her Sunday uniform for wandering in the park and thinking of Jake.

But Jake looked at her, faintly surprised and friendly enough—as though she were somebody he'd met once at a cocktail party.

"Why, Lacey," he said.

"Hello, how are you?"

"Well, I'm fine. How are you?"

She tried a laugh, and it came out fairly well. "Fine, Oscar Wilde, just fine." The Oscar Wilde was a reproof for platitudes they had used in the old days. She realised she was going to have difficulties with the old days. They were all round her at sight of Jake, even this new strange Jake who didn't love her looked perfectly happy about it.

He smiled amiably and said, as though it were merely opinion and not heart-breaking fact, "It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Um," she said. Nearly two years. Longer than they had been married.

Jake said, "I'll blow you to an ice-cream sandwich—if you're not doing anything."

"Handsome of you," said Lacey, but her heart felt queer. It was part of the old routine: first the sea lions, then the ice-cream sandwich. She almost looked down and said, "Come on, Groucho. Food."

She stood to one side and watched him while he bought things at the stand. That angry, baffled, hurt expression had disappeared from his eyes. All the love had disappeared, too. I kicked it right out of him, she thought bitterly.

Jake handed her the sandwich and said, "Here, and try to spill some like the rest of us humans."

And that was an old gag, too, for Lacey, incredibly neat, never spilled anything.

They strolled along and stopped before a cage where a rickety-looking camel stood in the sun, munching. His coat was shedding messily.

"He looks just the same," said Jake, "if not worse."

She wished he would leave the past alone. She said, conversationally, "Going to beat the Axis' ears down?"

"To their ankles," he said. "Soon, I hope, I think."

Suddenly she saw the wings, "You fly," she said, proud and afraid. "I didn't know." What a silly thing to say. Of course she didn't know. She didn't know anything at all about him any more. Just his secretary saying, "He's enlisted."

"Like a bird," said Jake. "A bird full of bombs."

Bombs, she thought. And suddenly the war was all around, wiping out the happy, peaceful nonsense of Sunday at the zoo. Jake handed her some peanuts, and they moved along, trailing shells. They came to the yak. He was standing in his private yard, near the fence, staring at the outer world with mournful eyes. They stopped and lit cigarettes, and Jake studied the yak.

"He looks familiar," he said. "A little like Groucho, maybe, around the eyes."

Groucho—floppy black Groucho who had had such a good time with them in the park every Sunday. Lacey thought angrily: Talking about Groucho should hurt you more than it does me.

Because Groucho had been Jake's dog. Jake had been crazy about him.

"Darling, you love him too much," she had once reproached him.

"You can't love anybody or anything too much," said Jake, and he let go the dog and turned to her.

"You can," Lacey insisted. "Suppose something happened to him?"

"Well, I can't not like him just because something might happen to him. Come back here, silly, and I'll fix your crazy ideas."

So that was that, till one Sunday when Groucho was playing round without his leash in the roadway, and a taxi struck him.

Jake took it hard. Some time during the next few days she was impelled to say, "You were too fond of him, Jake."

Jake looked at her for a long minute, his face baffled and angry. "What's the matter with you, Lacey?" he said. Then he walked out of the apartment and didn't come back for a couple of hours.

They had been married ten weeks. That was the first thing.

There were frequent misunderstandings at intervals. Lacey remembered them vividly. She pressed the cigarette so tightly that it cracked and bits of tobacco shredded through her fingers.

"Well, we've done the zoo," said Jake. "How about the rest of the Park?"

"All right," she said, and wondered if it wasn't foolish of her, like snuggling up against a hair shirt.

They strolled out of the zoo up the hill past the bears—their old route. Lacey thought: Is he doing all this on purpose? Does he guess I still love him? Is he trying to hurt me?

He said, "How is everybody? How are the Spikers?"

She said, "All right, I guess."

The Spikers had lived down on Tenth Street, too. She hadn't seen them since she got back from Reno. She hadn't seen anyone they used to know.

"Haven't seen them lately?" asked Jake with curiosity.

"I've been busy with my job," she said.

"Got a good one?"

She said, "Yes, it's a good one." It was, too, but not the way he meant. He meant something sleek and smart and non-essential—the sort of thing she used to talk about trying for, back in peacetime. Not a denim-pants, hard-on-the-hands, night job in a factory in the Bronx.

They went up the mall between bench-loads of people who were giving the strollers an amiable once-over. When they got to the end they leaned on the parapet and looked down at the raucous activity round the big fountain.

"Come on," said Jake, suddenly. "Let's go up to the bridge."

The bridge, of course. They had always gone to the bridge. Lacey looked at his face; it was serene and unconcerned.

When they got to the little bridge the water under it was thick with rowboats passing through the bottleneck from one part of the lake to the other. They joined the audience watching the wild collisions, Jake leaning over and kibitzing the pilots and laughing.

Please turn to page 24

By IRENE CLEATON

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OLD SINNERS NEVER DIE

By A. E. MARTIN

TIMOTHY SPEEK, vindictive blind man, is found shot, and a verdict of suicide given.

HARRY FORD, Postmaster, knows that HELEN, Speek's beautiful wife, and GARNET PRICE, wealthy young farmer, are in love. He suspects that Helen poisoned her husband, and blackmails her.

Other characters prominent in the story are MRS. MARVEN, hotel proprietress; EILEEN MAHONEY, in love with LARRY WARD, who has disappeared. Ford himself is planning to marry Eileen.

Ford continues his narrative:

LYING back on his pillows, Mahoney smiled indulgently up at Eileen and me as we stood by his bedside. "Give me your hand, dear," he said to Eileen. Then he turned his eyes on me. "And now yours, my boy."

I had perforce to put mine in his, though it made me shudder, it was so skinny. The next instant, however, he had joined my hand with Eileen's, and I marvelled at its softness. It was the first time I had ever touched her, and I confess that I thrilled to the contact so that I almost forgave the old man his importunities.

"I want you both to promise me that you will marry very soon so that I may live to see you joined together," Mahoney said.

I felt unutterably foolish standing there clasping Eileen's hand across the bed of this wretched old man, but what could I do? I knew that the moment the thing was arranged he would harp on about the settlement, yet I could not rudely break away and suggest delay. Eileen was apparently affected by the situation and the pleading of her father, for there were tears in her eyes, although she did not look at me.

She nodded her head. "If you wish it, father," she said so softly that I could barely hear her.

He smiled up at her.

"As soon as Harry wishes?" he asked, and, as she nodded again, he turned to me.

"Shall we say the twenty-third—that is, three weeks from to-day?" he asked, and I knew he must have had the details planned in his mind before I called.

"That will give us plenty of time to arrange everything," he urged as I hesitated.

I nodded, too annoyed at the high-handed way the matter had been managed to speak. He let his skeleton hand drop, and shut his eyes.

"Now I am happy." He sighed quietly, and Eileen withdrew her hand from mine and began re-arranging his pillows.

"You'd better go to sleep, Dad," she said. "You've had a heavy day."

"Yes," he agreed weakly. "I'd better sleep." He looked at me. "Do you mind, my boy?"

I was so angered that I felt as far as I was concerned he could sleep forever, but my breeding came to the surface as usual, and I hastily rose and apologised for staying and tiring him, and bade him good-night. Eileen accompanied me to the door. She did not speak, and, for the life of me, with all my social training and experience I was as tongue-tied in her presence that night as the veriest bumpkin. We stood silently on the doorstep.

"Well," I blurted out at last, "that's that."

"Yes," she said.

"The—the twenty-third, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

She said nothing further, and I made a half movement toward her, but she stepped back quickly, eluding my embrace.

"I think I hear father calling," she said in embarrassment. "Good-night." She stepped inside, and practically shut the door in my face.

Altogether, I reflected as I walked home, an unsatisfactory evening. I had not only been stampeded into the settlement, but Eileen had by no means shown the enthusiasm I felt I was entitled to expect, nor even any real appreciation of my generosity. The evening, however, had at least emphasised one thing — the necessity for speedily making Helen Speek and her paramour toe the mark.

I was rather surprised to find Garnet Price waiting for me as I closed the office at luncheon time next day. With an air of friendliness he took my arm, and, by its pressure, compelled me to walk more slowly than I would have chosen.

My expression must have shown him that I resented his familiarity as an impertinence after the way he had treated me within the hearing of Helen Speek. I anticipated an apology, but none was forthcoming. Anyone would have thought, as we strolled together arm in arm, that we were on the best of terms.

"Look here, Ford," he began, "I wanted to have a quiet talk with you. I'm a bit worried. It isn't nice to hear a chap in your position talking like you did the other night. You must be in an awful hole, and I'm ready to help you, but it's got to be in a straightforward way."

I said nothing, for I was suspicious of his affability, and wondered about his motive.

"Now," he went on, "if you want money I'll lend it to you."

"And the security?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied lightly, "I don't know your resources, of course, but if you've nothing tangible we can fix it up some way or another—promissory notes, for instance."

So that was it!

Very cunning, I thought. But I couldn't see myself stepping into such an obvious trap—tying myself up to a man like Price.

Supposing I signed his ridiculous notes, and, standing on my rights and as a price for my silence, I didn't redeem them on the due dates, what would be the position? He might insist on payment, and, if I told what I knew he would claim that I had done so because I owed him money and was trying to evade my just debts. Just debts, indeed!

He noted my hesitation. "Of course, Ford," he said gently, "they could be long-term notes and the interest rate would be very modest."

We were nearing the hotel. I stopped, and, disengaging my arm, turned on him.

"You would actually expect me to repay your notes?"

"Why," he said in surprise, "of course."

"You poor fool," I said, and saw his tanned face flush. "What do you take me for? You're frightened out of your wits, and you come to me with this absurd proposition."

I believe he only controlled himself with an effort, for Mrs. Marven had stepped out of the hotel on to the verandah and was watching us.

"Listen," he said tensely. "I've never been afraid of anyone in my life. Remember that, I've spoken to you to-day to give you a chance to regain your self-respect."

Please turn to page 12

"I want you both to promise me that you will marry very soon," Mahoney said.

COMFORT-
that's my motto!

Same with Mother..
..she goes for safety
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DARK PARTING

By . . .
DOUGLAS BABER

Detaching himself from the others, Frank crept forward slowly in the fog.

This gripping short story was written by a young British flier in a German prison camp.

HE stood beside the wooden bunk and looked at the wire through the window. He saw the corner angle of the wire barrier and the tall lookout box with the guard resting his elbows on the machine-gun tripod and blowing in his hands to warm them.

Beyond the wire the thick pines stood brown and tall, with bare trunks and tight upper foliage.

He watched the fog rising in the trees and stretching in thin, wispy folds across the road to the wire.

He turned from the window and looked at the nine others sitting close round the pine table in the centre of the small room.

"It's coming up thick," he said softly. "I'm glad we decided to risk it to-night."

He turned back to the window and saw they had posted extra sentries out on the oiled road. One marched up to the box outside the wire, turned about, and patrolled back down the road beside the barrier.

Halfway from the second observation box down the wire he met another. They about-turned, walking slowly to their respective corners, with their eyes turned in toward the camp.

The man by the window leaned back and drummed with his fingers on the frame. He knew it was going to be difficult. He knew, too, they had built the place in the early days for Air Force officers. He knew, too, they had constructed the place carefully and with great forethought; sufficient forethought to make escape by the usual methods almost impossible.

The soil was barren. The pines beyond the wire were well back and gave no shade. They weakened the soil, making it difficult to tunnel in. He had tried tunnelling and had seen the sand collapse.

He turned from the window and crossed to the table. He pulled a stool from the bunk and sat close with the others. Then he pulled a packet from his tunic and spilled the card pack on the table.

"It's arranged for to-night," he repeated. "That's Harris, Mac, Fred, and myself. You know how we do it, we've been over it so often before." He shuffled the pack and placed it neatly on the table with all the cards in line and the edges smooth. "The man drawing the highest goes first and cuts the wire. If he cuts it all right, we crawl out after five minutes and go through one at a time. But quickly. No looking between the two barriers. If they hear us they'll shoot down the wire and you don't stand a chance. You won't live a second if they fire and catch you in there."

One of the men on his left leaned forward with his hands in front of him on the table.

"Listen, Frank," he said earnestly. "I've seen the fog, and it's crazy to try it to-night. I know we've waited over three months, but in a fog this thin it's madness."

"We agreed on the first foggy night, Mac," Frank reminded him. "You, Harris, Fred, and I. We said wait for a fog and try it. Well, we've got the fog, and all we do is draw cards and see who goes first and cuts the wire."

"It's not worth it," Mac said. "Even if we do get through they'll pick the hole up with the lights as soon as it gets really dark. They'll find the hole and sound the alarms before we even have time to get out of the forest.

"We've waited three months," Frank said.

"I know it. I know we've waited for a long time, but I say it's not worth risking in this sort of fog."

Frank looked round the table at the other men. They sat silently, their unshaved faces pale in the weak light. They said nothing.

"How about you, Harris?" Frank said. "And you, Fred?"

"I'm not so sure about it," Fred said. "Mac is right about the fog. It's awfully thin stuff. It's thin enough for the searchlights to cut when it's really dark."

"I know they'll cut it when it's really dark," Frank answered. "But we'll be gone when it's really dark."

"I'm sticking to what I said," the man Mac cut in. "I still don't think it's worth the risk. If we had a night's start I'd say all right, go ahead, but with the lights cutting the fog about twenty minutes after we're gone it's a waste of time."

Frank turned and looked at Mac. "We've got to try it, Mac. If we just sit round here," he waved his arm at the room, at the double-tier wooden bunks lining the walls, at the crowded men, at the tall lockers filling any space between beds and walls. "If we sit round for another year we'll go crazy. And just think a minute; it may be easier than we expect. It may be very easy."

"You won't talk me into it," Mac said. "It's all wrong to try anything like this in thin fog."

"We won't be crazy enough to try it when it's dark, Mac. I know the fog's too thin for the searchlights. We'll do it before it gets really dark. We'll do it at dusk, before they switch on the main current and we don't have to worry about searchlights. The guards can't see us from the boxes in the fog. They can only hear us. They'll only hear us if we make a mess of it."

"I'm not sure about this," Fred said.

"I am," Mac told him. "I'm sure about it, all right. We risk the guns and crawl through the wire at dusk. We aren't heard, so we aren't shot. We get in the forest, and twenty minutes later the lights pick up the hole, and thirty minutes later the guards pick us up. Free in a forest in a fog for thirty minutes. Or maybe they hear us and shoot down the wire, and we aren't even free for thirty minutes."

"It's no good talking like that," Frank said. "If you talk and think like that, you'll never try it. You'll just sit round and let it get you down."

"Better for Mac to be that way than not able to sit round anywhere," Fred said. "Better for Mac and me."

Frank pushed the cards forward on the table. The men looked at the pack in the light, seeing the cards white against the brown planking of the table. The two men going through the wire looked at Mac and Fred sitting down the table. They were silent as one man leaned forward and cut the pack. Mac said nothing for a moment. He sat looking at his hands, then he spoke.

"I'm not going, Frank." He didn't look up. He sat staring at the white skin rippling over the knuckles as he twisted his fingers. "I say not to go. Better to wait and try another tunnel."

"No," Frank said. "Don't fool yourself about the tunnel. The tunnel's no good. You've dug enough to know they don't work. They're just a waste of time."

"And this," Mac said. "This is just a waste of time. It's more than just a waste of time. No, you can get your maps and your food and you can cut your cards, but me, I'm not trying it."

"All right, you don't go. I suppose you know you've done someone else out of the chance. You know there's no one ready to go now; it simply means that by not saying anything before, someone else can't go." Frank looked over at Fred. "How about you, Fred? Are you packing it up, too?"

"I think I'll risk it, Frank." Fred avoided Mac's eyes and stretched over the table for the cards.

The others in the room watched Frank and Harris and Fred. They watched them as they lifted their small bundles of civilian clothes they had made and food they had saved and maps they had copied. They followed them with their eyes as they dug for them in the hidden places.

They avoided looking at Mac when he left the table and sat on his bunk; they avoided seeing him stretch out on his bunk with his hands folded together under his head.

They all helped the three with their clothes. Frank shaved off his beard and packed the maps carefully in the pockets of the blue laborer's jacket he had made for himself. They examined the three men carefully, and to them they seemed just as any other German laborers outside the wire. Mac lay on his bunk with his face to the wall and one arm under his head.

They were ready to go at twenty past four. Three pale-faced men in laborer's clothes pushing their arms through the straps of light rucksacks. Frank took the heavy wire-cutters and slipped them in the pocket of his jacket.

"Don't forget to wait for the sentry on the road to pass on his way down, Frank. Not on his way up; on the way down. You get an extra fifty seconds that way. And wrap the cloth round the wire before you cut. Wrap the cloth round and hold both ends of the strand so it won't spring back."

Frank nodded and looked at Fred. "Ready?"

Fred nodded. Frank turned to the others by the table. They were very silent, and Frank knew they would be worried until the job was over.

"They're bound to rush in and hold a check parade when they see the hole," Frank told them. "In about an hour, I imagine. Try to disturb their counting. Try to keep them from knowing who's gone as long as you can."

"All right, Frank," one of them answered. He looked at his watch. "You'd better get going, it's getting late." He reached over and switched off the light. The room was dark except for the white blur of the fogged windows. One of them opened the window carefully and noiselessly. The three men climbed out one after the other and dropped on the sand below.

The men in the room crouched against the window-frame and watched the bulky form of Frank detach itself from the others and creep forward slowly, very slowly, in the fog. They leaned forward tensely with their ears strained to the wire thirty feet beyond. They heard the dull tread as the guard approached the box outside the wire. They heard his footsteps stop a moment, and then commence again as he walked back along the oiled road.

"He'll start cutting now," one whispered.

They listened in the silence. They listened with pulses racing. They listened for that sudden crack and the shrill whine of a bullet up the wire. The quiet was intense, with only an occasional bump as someone in a room up the corridor threw some object from bunk to floor to make his bunk. The one with the watch raised his wrist and held it close to his eyes.

"Five minutes," he whispered. He leaned from the window and whispered again to the two figures below: "Five minutes up."

The two men moved slowly, crawling on hands and knees in the soft, damp sand, the rucksacks on their backs looking in the fog like some strange deformity. They moved in the direction Frank had taken, pausing at every sound. They heard footsteps once more, and the men in the room held their breath as they counted the footfalls and judged the time they would tramp past the cutting in the wire. They waited again, and once more the soft clamp, clamp of receding feet sounded through the fog.

The two men moved on, and disappeared in the fog.

"Two minutes," the one with the watch said. He held up his wrist again, and they heard the steady ticking of the watch in the silence.

The man with the watch dropped his wrist suddenly. He took a deep breath and looked at the others. "Eight minutes. They're through now."

The others relaxed the pressure of their shoulders against the wall. They climbed to their feet, and one leaned from the window and felt for the shutters.

A sudden beam of light swept across the camp from corner to corner. It moved smoothly from one barrier to the other. The beam cut the fog for only a few feet, and the light reflected back at long angles.

Please turn to page 23

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BLIND DATE

He was homesick and just in the mood for romance

By Australian author

COLE TURNLEY

WHEN a man's in the thick of the fight he doesn't do much thinking at all, but when there's a lull and night has come and the man's a sentimental sort, he often listens to the jungle noises and thinks quite a lot—mostly about home—before he falls asleep.

Harry had been doing a bit of this sort of thinking the night before the Comforts Fund stuff arrived, and he was in the right mood to receive a note in a hand-knitted sock which read:

"Dear Soldier.—I wonder if, perhaps, you're lonely. If you would like to hear more from people near home I should be honored to correspond with you."

The writer signed herself Chris Henderson, and gave her home address.

The invitation didn't sound as though it had come from an ordinary cuddle-bunny. It was ladylike. Harry hadn't had any particularly ladylike girl-friends. The more he thought about it, the more ladylike the words seemed to be, and the idea of replying became a fixed purpose.

He got hold of a pad and pen, and began:

"Dear Miss Henderson,—I received your letter. It was very nice. I would like to hear from you like you say."

When he read this through it far from satisfied him. He wondered if Arthur could help. Arthur was his cobber, and he'd just been made a corporal. Harry understood he'd had a pretty good education.

"It's only a bit of fun," Harry said. "I'd write it meself only I want her to think she's writin' to some Old School Tie merchant. Go on, you can write somethin' for us."

Arthur laughed and knocked his hat on to the back of his head. As it happened, he had recently received a letter himself—from a fiancee who had fallen in love with someone else. He missed her letters and the bitter-sweet pleasure of writing his replies.

"Go on, be a sport," urged Harry.

"All right," said Arthur.

Harry was delighted with the letter Arthur drafted, and he copied it out in his best writing.

A reply reached him about a month later. A letter as beautifully written as "his own." He was thrilled. It was definite now. She was a lady. He read it to Arthur and asked him to draft another.

"Now wait a minute," Arthur said, "once was all right for a bit of a joke——"

"Go on, don't be a nark."

"Oh, all right. Give us the writing-pad, then."

"Dear Chris" (Arthur wrote),

"I'm so glad you've invited me to call you Chris. We live in a world of informality here, save for what vestiges of regimentality can remain in the jungle. But even if I were stationed in Buckingham Palace I would still desire to call you Chris, because, although we have never been formally introduced, I've begun to feel as though you were my oldest and closest friend."

"How's that for a start?" Arthur asked, looking up at Harry.

"You're a wizard!" Harry told him.

The unit got more action soon after this letter was sent, and it was a couple of months before Harry received a reply. From it he learnt that she was free of ties, and "I, too, have that oldest and closest friend feeling," she continued, "and I'm longing for the chance to prove that the feeling is justified. We must meet, just as soon as you return, mustn't we? I know the meeting will be wonderfully exciting." And so on.

There were bombs that night, and Harry got a piece of shrapnel in his shoulder. He was sent back, and further back, and eventually he arrived at a convalescent depot with the city a mere bus ride away.

He had ample opportunity to write, here, but he didn't have Arthur to put the right words for him. He was sitting in the sun beside a wizened Digger with a last war ribbon up. He looked an easy-going old coot who might take a paternal interest in such a dilemma, and a man never knew, he might even be able to cook up one of Arthur's style of letters.

"Have y' ever wanted to meet a sheila y've never seen?" Harry opened.

"Why?" the old boy asked with a twinkle. "Has someone been tellin' y' about her?"

"I've been writin' to her."

"What, one of these girls who put their address in a case of tinned peaches, is it?"

"In a way," Harry admitted, slightly abashed, "she's not the usual run of that sort, though," he hurriedly made it clear, "we've written a few letters, and you can see she's a real nice girl. Educated, and that."

"Is that what she told y'?"

"No. Y' can see, the way she writes. Look. I'll show y' the first letter she wrote me if y' like."

Harry dug her letters out of his pocket and selected a tattered sample. "See what y' think a that," he invited proudly.

The old boy read the first page and a half and carefully folded the letter back into its original creases.

"See what I mean?" Harry prompted.

"Yair. What sort of letter did y' write back, son?"

"I've got a copy of it here. Have a look at it."

The old boy hadn't finished the first page when he refolded Arthur's draft letter, too. "Did you write this?" he asked.

"Well, not exactly—no. I didn't reckon I could write good enough. Y' saw the letter she wrote. I got a cobber to do it for me and copied it out."

The old boy laughed.

"I'm in a bit of a jam now," Harry said, "because I want to write to her and tell her I'm here, and me cobber's still in New Guinea."

"Y' want to arrange to meet her, do y'?"

"Well, I want to see what's she's like, that's all."

"I don't think it'll do y' much good, son."

"How d'y' mean?"

"Well, can't y' see, if y' wasn't able to write to her, y' won't be able to talk to her."

"Oh, I can talk all right."

"Yair, but not her language. Now, hold your horses! I know what you're thinkin' about bein' as good as anyone else and all the rest of it. But blokes like y' cobber are her dish. It's him she's been writin' to, really, and it's him she wants to meet. If y' take my advice y'll forget about the whole thing."

"Y'may be right," Harry returned, trying hard to sound casual.

"Y'll probably soon find out I'm right," the old boy said.

Harry's wound was completely recovered when he found himself with a six-day leave pass and several quid of pay in his pocket.

He went home and spent a couple of days getting reacquainted with his family, but whenever he got a moment to himself he wondered what he ought to do about Chris. He had to admit that there was a lot in what the old boy had said. But there was a war on. Class was meaning less every day. He decided he'd have to settle the question once and for all by putting it to the test. Otherwise it'd get him down.

He drafted a telegram before he had time to go back on the idea: "On leave. Like to meet you. Will be Railway bookstall 7.30 to-night." He remembered that they had never seen each other, and wondered what they'd do about recognition. Reading through what he'd written, he got an idea from the mention of the bookstall, and added: "I will tuck a newspaper in my belt."

He wondered if he should also include his home address so that she could wire back if she couldn't make it. But on second thoughts he decided that this might lead to complications. She might send him a phone number and tell him to ring her or something, and he couldn't tackle the idea of talking to her till he'd seen her. If she came she'd recognise him with the newspaper in his belt, and if she didn't come that'd be just too bad.

He sent his kid brother to the post-office, in case they should make a song of a soldier sending something uncensored, and when the kid returned and said, "She went okay, Harry," he knew an expectant tingle of excitement as though his chest contained effervescence that wanted to escape.

He was highly strung all the afternoon. When he got into the train he'd grown jumpy and senselessly restless. He longed for the train to go faster. He felt he'd have been better off if he'd run into town—the whole ten miles. At least he'd have had something to do with his pent-up energy.

But when he alighted from the train he had to force himself to proceed to the bookstall. Through the crowd he perceived several women waiting there. But when he halted they didn't pay him any attention. They obviously knew whom they were waiting for.

Please turn to page 23

"I thought you were someone else," she said doubtfully.

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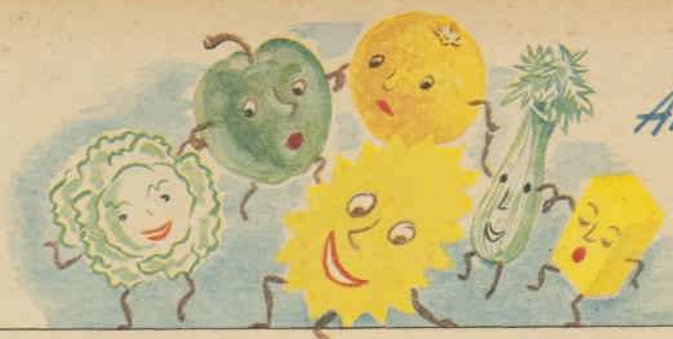

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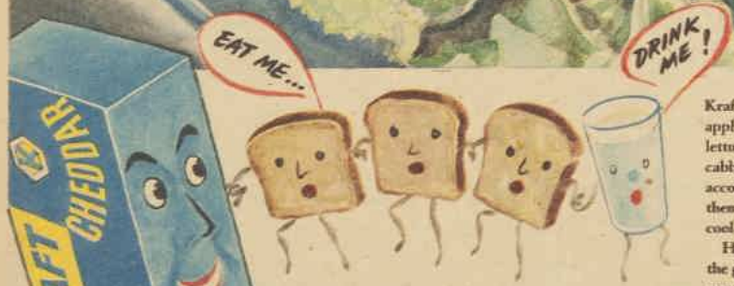

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Australian lads who will pilot Duke's plane

F/LT. JOHN CRITCHLEY, D.F.C., one of the co-pilots of the Duke of Gloucester's plane. His mother lives at Brighton, Victoria.

Families excited at prospect of reunions with airmen

Among the six Australians who form the crew of the Duke of Gloucester's airliner which he will use here is one whose nickname is "The Duke," because of his surname.

He is the navigator, Flying-Officer John Earl, and his mother, Mrs. L. M. Earl, of Ryedale Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W., says the family are planning a royal welcome all of their own.

THE crew is captained by Wing - Commander Donald Roy Donaldson, 30, who was born in Calcutta but came to Australia at the age of four, and was an accountant in Melbourne when he joined the Air Force.

His father, the late Roy Donaldson, was an Australian, and his mother, who died before the war, was an English woman.

He is the eldest of four brothers. One is in the Army, another in the Navy, and another, Sergeant-Pilot John Donaldson, R.A.A.F., was killed in England.

WIRELESS - OPERATOR P/O. L. E. Welldon, of East Brisbane.

The family home in Melbourne, where the late Mr. Donaldson established a business, is still carried on by the family housekeeper.

"Donald has very fair hair and blue eyes," she said.

"He is a home-loving lad, and one of his greatest joys before he went overseas was to have a book and his pipe in an easy chair, with his little Scottie, Jock, beside him."

Captain Colin Donaldson, A.I.F., the second brother, who has served for two years in New Guinea, has been in Melbourne recently and staying at the family home.

"Don is a good mixer, and a sticker," he said. "He wouldn't let anything beat him."

W/CMDR. D. R. DONALDSON, captain of the crew of the Duke's airliner. The aircraft is a four-engined Avro-York. It has a state-room, sleeping quarters, and tiled bathroom.

Colin is married to a Sydney girl, formerly Ruth Pender, and their home is at Willoughby.

Last year Donald was shot down over Occupied France, but three months later he was reported safe and well. He had been in hiding with French patriots, reached the Allied lines, and eventually got to London.

One of the two co-pilots is 26-year-old Flight-Lieutenant Robert Roy Anderson, only son of Mr. W. H. Anderson, of 522 New South Head Road, Double Bay, N.S.W., and the late Mrs. Anderson.

First news his family received of his selection as a co-pilot of the Duke's plane was the announcement in the Press.

"It was a wonderful surprise for us," said his younger sister, Miss Joan Anderson.

Before enlisting in the R.A.A.F. in November, 1941, Flight-Lieutenant Anderson worked with his father's Sydney firm, Anderson and Co. Pty., Ltd., seed merchants.

He arrived in London in April, 1943. His operational tours as captain of an Australian-manned Lancaster included two raids on Berlin.

Flight-Lieutenant John Critchley, D.F.C., is also a co-pilot. He is the youngest son of Mrs. M. L. Critchley, of Brighton, Victoria, and the late John Critchley.

He was for ten years with the Australian Mercantile Land and Finance Co., and then spent two years farming at Elphinstone, Victoria.

Flying-Officer John Earl, the navigator, was in the Commonwealth Bank in civil life. He is 25.

He joined the Militia in April, 1939, and three years later transferred to the R.A.A.F.

He arrived in England in August, 1942, and for 18 months was navigator of Australian Lancasters under Wing-Commander Donaldson.

After Donaldson was shot down and reported missing, Earl was posted to another squadron.

He took part in D-Day operations, and his operational tours over enemy-occupied territory now total 30.

Flying-Officer Keith Miller, the flight-engineer, was married six weeks before he left Australia in 1941 to Nita Watson, of Brisbane. Before the war he was an engineer in Brisbane. He is 26, and has two brothers in the Air Force.

The wireless-operator, Pilot-Officer Leslie Welldon, has a twin brother in the Air Force, and an elder brother in the A.I.F. He was a shop-assistant before joining up, and is engaged to Miss Beryl Lather, of Brisbane.

CO-PILOT F/Lt. R. R. Anderson, of Double Bay, Sydney. His operational tours include raids on Berlin.

NAVIGATOR F/O. John Earl, of Eastwood, Sydney. When in the Militia he was nicknamed "The Duke."

FLIGHT-ENGINEER F/O. K. W. Miller, of Brisbane.

Happy homesick group on first boat-train to Paris

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

I've just travelled on the first London-to-Paris boat-train to operate since the occupation of France. It carried a happy, homesick group of people who, for four years, have been dreaming about "the next time I see Paris."

IT wasn't an exciting trip in terms of wartime adventure, but it was one of the happiest voyages I've made.

For the first time since the outbreak of war I travelled abroad with civilian status in company with ordinary civilians.

With my fellow travellers, I recaptured that lovely sense of adventure one gets in going over to the Continent in peacetime.

The whole crossing represented a very important step in establishing peacetime conditions.

It was a token of things to come, and a happy link with peacetime pleasures.

Once again, I was travelling with people going about their ordinary business, going to their homes or returning to their old jobs. It was reassuring to be amongst them.

With the Continent open again, the staffs on the train and boat were as bustling and smiling as the passengers.

Though still camouflaged, the Channel steamer looked as homely as ever, and only the most observant could see signs of her five years of war service. From porters and stewardesses to the purser on the ship, everyone wore service ribbons.

Passengers, in merry mood, reminisced about the last time they crossed to France.

Consular officials returning to the British Consulates told hair-raising tales of the last days of France, while pretty French girls stood on the icy decks and waved farewell to the England that had given them sanctuary.

With France so short of food, most of the returning French people were carrying luggage that turned out to be miniature grocer shops. They were allowed to take unrationed goods.

There were wonderful meals served throughout the journey.

On the boat-train I sat down at a table in the only restaurant car in Britain. We had a good English meal served by smiling waiters.

We steamed into a quayside station and porters rushed to help with our baggage and, wonder of wonders, there were enough to go round.

I passed up the slippery gangway and down to the ladies' saloon, where an amiable, motherly stewardess in the whitest and starchiest of aprons beamed a welcome.

Each one of us was handed a lifebelt, a sharp reminder we still are at war.

After a turn round the deck there was warm coffee in the saloon bar and a tot of rum. A stroll on the deck again, and soon we sighted the coast of France.

Excitement ran high again, and as most of us knew the port well we were eager to pick out old landmarks. But the once gay quayside was a pathetic sight, battered and bombed.

An excited group of Frenchmen stood on the wharf to greet us. It was the Mayor and president of the Chamber of Commerce.

In typical French fashion they kissed us on both cheeks as we stepped ashore.

We were kissed again and again in an excited manner, and when we had gone through the Customs and climbed aboard the boat-train, we flagged out of the quayside station on our journey to Paris, through what had been recently the battleground of France.

Recently repaired bridges, which had been blown up by the Nazis were "taken" at a very slow pace, and there were many sighs of relief when we had crossed them.

It was a strange mixture of war and peace.

When we reached the well-known Paris terminal, there again were happy French people crowding the barriers to greet their loved ones who had returned from England, and to welcome the British traveller, whose Continental wanderings so long ago established the Channel crossing.

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Editorial

FEBRUARY 3, 1945

PRICE OF DEMOCRACY

MR. CHURCHILL, who in earlier speeches has spoken to the Empire of its "darkest hour" and its "finest hour," has in his latest speech warned that this is the "gravest moment."

While reporting heartening progress on all fronts and declaring the certainty of victory, he asked, "Must we fall into a babel of discord while victory is delayed?"

Much of his speech was devoted to explaining British action in the Greek crisis and rebuking critics.

Never in his wartime experience had the British Government "been so maligned and its motives so traduced in its own country."

It is indeed easy to understand that Mr. Churchill, bending under his awesome responsibilities and conscious of the magnificent service he has given, may well find constant sharp-shooting an ungrateful addition to his burdens.

But surely that is the price he must pay for being leader of a democracy?

He told the House of Commons that he was never "more sure in mind and conscience of the rectitude of our motives, the clarity of our principles" than in what had been done in Greece.

Unfortunately, many of his people had not the inside information that sustained him in such a conviction.

And while any citizen of a democracy has a doubt about the motives or principles behind national action, it may fairly be called his duty as well as his right to ask the most searching questions of his leader.

That is democracy.

Teacher's views on what is wrong with our schools

By FLORENCE HORNIBROOK, B.A. Mistress in charge of Redfern Domestic Science School. She was formerly in charge of Armidale Demonstration School, and is a member of the executive of the Teachers' Federation.

After years of apathy the public conscience has been stirred recently into an alarmed realisation that there is something wrong with our education system.

Although science has produced material goods more than sufficient to ensure a full, rich life for everyone, the world is in the throes of the most hideous death struggle it has ever known.

IN CLASSROOMS such as this, the foundations of a better world must be laid. Schools now labor under an acute shortage of teachers.

WHY has our much-vaunted democracy failed? Chiefly because we have produced, through sheer greed and by our failure to know the highest when we see it, the type of citizen who judges a man's worth by what he owns.

Something is wrong—even the shallowest of us realise this.

So it has become the fashion to hurl criticism at the education system.

But in demanding angrily why the returns from the funds expended on education have been so meagre the public is brought up with a shock to realise that these funds have always been contemptibly small and inadequate.

Governments are not to blame. It is because of the neglect and indifference of a people engaged in a mad struggle to pile up wealth at the expense of the next man that our schools are understaffed and badly equipped.

But it is a hopeful sign that in this period of disillusionment the people at last have come to see salvation in education, and to realise that it is cheaper to spend money on giving men a happy life than an elaborate and horrible death.

The paramount ill in the schools at the present time is the acute shortage of teachers. Most classes contain upwards of 50 children.

Of course, there is a war on. Labor is short everywhere, and there are over 1500 teachers in the armed forces.

But it may surprise many people to know that this shortage in the teaching service has always been a pressing problem.

Somehow, young people have been difficult to convince that teaching is a secure, well-paid, easy job chiefly because those who know, and their own commonsense, can show them otherwise.

After five years' study at high school, culminating in a competitive examination, the future teacher enters on a two to four years' training college course before becoming a wage-earner at the age of 20 or 22.

In the near future there looms a long term of country service often in the remotest places, away from home and friends, where living conditions are harsh and primitive.

There is a war on, you will say, and teachers cannot expect to pass scathless through the turmoil.

This is true, but it must be remembered that essential workers in other industries have been catered for.

Special quarters for war workers there should be. No one would dream of disputing that. But why has similar provision never been made for the teacher as the most essential of peace workers?

One woman who formerly taught in a large city school has spent the last two years on the North Coast. For months on end she never left the farmhouse where she boarded, except when she was forced to walk eight miles into the nearest township for a haircut.

We hear of a girl who slept in a room without a window, of a girl who found it difficult to get a bath, and of three women teachers who slept in a converted garage and paid more than well for the privilege.

Conditions in large schools are not exactly enticing.

Where a staff-room exists it is often a draughty, incommodious little corner with poor light and no heating facilities or cupboard space.

Packed classrooms

VERY few schools have an assembly hall or accommodation for physical education. The teacher knows the discomfort of assemblies in sunbaked or windswept playgrounds, play and song recitals held in packed, airless class-rooms, and the difficulties of attending to the physical wants of children where drinking, washing, and lavatory accommodation is ridiculously inadequate and antiquated.

The acidulous spinster schoolmarm has been the butt of jokes as long as the mother-in-law, but in N.S.W. in peacetime the woman teacher, as soon as she marries, is dismissed under the terms of the iniquitous Married Women Teachers and Lecturers Act.

In times like these the teacher is allowed back into the schools in a temporary capacity, but in normal times she places herself beyond the pale if she marries.

Up to last year a trained and classified teacher was not considered fit for promotion until he or she had spent many laborious years in further study, examination passing, and thesis writing, a situation unknown in other professions.

And this brings us to the always burning question of professional status and salaries.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, and so is the professional worker. The teacher, to speak without equivocation, must receive the money for the job.

In normal times a woman teacher started work at 20 on the princely wage of six pounds odd a fortnight after two or more lean years on a small college allowance.

This state of affairs, however, will soon be remedied if the salaries scheme at present being considered by the Teachers' Federation is accepted when the case for a new salaries log comes up for consideration.

This claim sets the base rate of £546 per annum for a fully certified teacher (man or woman), in his first year of service.

The Teachers' Certificate, which came into operation in July, 1944, recognises the professional standing of a trained teacher, and allows him to spend his spare time in reading over a wide professional and cultural range, instead of, as formerly, within the narrow and cramping limits of examination conditions.

The old, heartbreaking scramble to keep abreast of modern educational thought and practice without any of the necessary tools must also go.

Who would think of asking a shipbuilder to build a Queen Mary with the tools of a hundred years ago?

Teachers must experiment with visual education, radio education, the library, the work bench, music, art, dramatisation, and physical training.

But all these delightful and important innovations remain beyond their reach because the people have not provided the money to buy equipment.

In consequence, the onus of providing these things falls on the head of the school, who has to raise the money himself, or appeal to the local Parents and Citizens' Association. It is an absurd and untenable situation.

New South Wales spent £2/0/7 per head on education during 1942-43, and, although the present Government spent 18 million pounds on education during its first three years of office, this is only a drop in the bucket.

The schools will function as they should when a new building scheme is inaugurated to provide airy, well-lighted, well-heated buildings, complete with library, activity-rooms, projector-rooms, gymnasium, properly equipped staff-rooms and office, assembly hall, playing fields, and swimming pool; when the classes are of reasonable size, and when the teacher's conditions, including his salary, are worthy of the noble office he is called upon to fill.

Interesting People

BRIG.-GEN. H. B. HESTER

. . . Director U.S. supplies

DIRECTOR, Procurement Division, U.S. Base Section, in Australia, Brigadier-General H. B. Hester, U.S. Army, heads department which procures and inspects all military supplies available to U.S. Forces from Australia. Through its food experts, division has also aided in recent great expansion and improved equipment and technique of Australia's canning and dehydration industry.

DR. MEREDITH ROSS

. . . medical relief unit.

LEADER of first British Girl Guide Association's medical relief unit sent to Western Europe is former R.A.A.F. Flight-Lieutenant Dr. Meredith Ross, Melbourne, first Australian member of British Guide International Services. Work includes organising camps, medical essentials, food, clothing for people of liberated countries. Dr. Ross was formerly in charge of R.A.A.F. hospital in Australia.

W/CDR. J. B. TAIT

. . . R.A.F. record

AWARDED third Bar to his D.S.O. for planning and leading R.A.F. attack which sank German battleship Tirpitz, young Welshman Wing-Commander J. B. Tait is first R.A.F. flier to win six medals for bravery in action — also holds D.F.C. and Bar. Commands special duty squadron first formed to burst Modne and Eder dams. Pilots and navigators, who include number of Australians, most highly trained and experienced men.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

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Miracles of plastic surgery for war victims

SMILES from Corporal R. G. Huge as he watches physiotherapist Lieut. E. M. Yule test muscles to assess damage to his leg, which has to be repaired.

ROUTINE DRESSING for Cpl. John Walker, who is being given new eye-socket and lids. Left, sister-in-charge, Capt. Margaret Tisdall, and (right) Sister Judith Mark.

PICTURE of F/O. J. P. Ryan's hand being taken by unit photographer A.A.M.W.S. Cpl. V. M. Hale, for record of finger movement after grafting to repair hand contraction.

Inspiring work by special units of Army Medical Corps

By MARY COLES

Helping disabled servicemen and servicewomen back to their old design for living is the inspiring achievement of the plastic surgery units of the Australian Army.

War casualties can be given new fingers and thumbs, ears, noses, eyelids. Normality is restored to mutilated hands and faces as everyday jobs of this branch of the Australian Army Medical Corps.

HERE is one example. Back again running his 6000-acre property, carrying as many sheep, with the assistance of only one man, is an ex-A.I.F. captain.

A new thumb was successfully grafted to his mutilated hand from flesh and bone of his own body.

This has helped make good the loss of his thumb and two forefingers, which were blown away in an explosion.

His two remaining fingers, the little and third fingers, weren't much help until he was given a new thumb.

"Now there is little I can't do, except milk cows. And I'm rather glad of this," he says cheerfully.

His spirit is typical of the patients in the Plastic Surgery Unit.

No grumbling, no self pity, just a determination not to be licked by what they have "bought."

"We try to offset some of the destruction of war with reconstruction," explained the Major, a distinguished young Melbourne surgeon, who had the task of forming the first A.A.M.C. Facio Maxillary and Plastic Surgery Unit in the Middle East in 1941.

He came direct from London, well equipped for such a job, after training and working under the world-famous "Father of British Plastic Surgery," Sir Harold Gillies.

In Egypt the newly formed unit set to work with 50 patients in an unpretentious hut looking out over the desert.

To-day at Heidelberg, Victoria, it is quartered in one of the nation's finest military hospitals.

Personnel trained at this unit are helping to staff three other plastic surgery units formed since 1941.

"Our job is not just relieving or camouflaging disfigurement," the Major said.

"It is re-equipping men to take their places again in everyday life with as few physical reminders of war as possible."

It is impossible for an outsider to walk through the wards without a terrific lump in the throat.

It's here you realise these are the men behind the news items of a month, perhaps a year or more ago.

That boy over there in the corner—the one so shockingly disfigured with vicious burn scars. He was the anonymous pilot who climbed out of the wreckage of his burning plane after such and such an action . . .

Other news items flash back . . . Bombs fell on an ammunition dump . . . There was hand-to-hand fighting . . . An Army truck turned over . . . Fire was heavy and casualties were high on both sides.

In these wards you understand with a jolt what "some casualties" mean.

But it is also stimulating to discover what is being done to counter-attack" and repair these ravages of war.

To-day, aided by grafts from other parts of the body, bone, and flesh rally under the power of the healing knife and make good many of these losses.

I saw a pilot-officer whose fingers had been completely cut off one hand by the propeller of his plane.

He showed me the two very useful fingers he's had reconstructed by grafting.

Better mechanism

ANOTHER man who had lost even more of his hand was using to good effect two digits made from his wrist.

"We always try to build up from what is left in preference to making artificial replacements," the Major explained.

"But reconstruction is impossible in a large number of cases, and in this direction we have tried to make a better mechanism."

Already the fame of the artificial hands made by the unit's dentist has spread far and wide.

A cable has just been received from London announcing the safe arrival of a movie film showing some of the case-histories of these hands.

They go back to the day when surgeon and dentist furrowed their brows over what they could do for a lieutenant whose right hand had been amputated at the wrist.

It looked as if little could be done except giving him a standard artificial limb, which in the majority of cases is usually discarded very early.

At the last the doctor, with full appreciation of his colleague's mechanical wizardry, said, "I will operate if you can make a useful mechanical hand."

The light in the mechanical laboratory burned even later than usual after that conversation.

Three months later the Lieutenant wore his newly acquired plastic hand. It had an intricate, mechanically controlled thumb and index finger, which moved at will.

This was accomplished by operating and making canals through the muscles of the stumps with rods inserted to control movement of the hand mechanism by the lieutenant's own muscle activity.

Soon he was even able to write with this hand.

Two other men are back in civilian life with similar hands, and four have had their operations and are waiting for their plastic hands to be completed.

When a new patient arrives for treatment, the Plastic Surgery Unit's first job is to enlist his co-operation.

He is told exactly what is to take place and how long he is likely to be in hospital.

His case-history is photographically recorded stage by stage.

Albums of these records are enough to hearten the most depressed man and inspire him with confidence that what has been done for others can be done for him.

He'll also see the advance plans worked out for his operations, and moulds and mechanical equipment made for his particular treatment.

PREVENTION of boredom is essential factor for plastic cases. Miss Isabel Huntington, in charge of Red Cross Diversional Therapy, supervises handcraft work. In foreground are Sgt. Ray Scott, AC1 Frank Lyons, and W/O. Ted Keady, making rug.

RIGHT HAND, made of cine plastic, worn by former A.I.F. instructor Maurice Dick, enabled him to get good job as assistant in a men's wear store. He can wrap parcels, tie string, write, use knife, and drive car with this hand. —Australian Military History photos.

Artists help

A PATIENT can even check back and find out what happened while he was under an anaesthetic by seeing sketches drawn by the unit's artist, Private Leon Hume, in the operating theatre actually detailing everything that took place at the operation.

Working with Private Hume is former Sydney sculptress and painter Flight-Officer Coral Alldritt, on loan to the unit from R.A.A.F.

Records are valuable for the treatment of future cases and training personnel.

Patients are encouraged to help themselves by helping each other and performing whatever useful job they can.

Some work in the dental laboratory, others take a keen interest in the photography section.

The staff's whole-hearted interest in the patients and pride in their progress are reflected in the attitude of the patients to the staff.

Back again as sister-in-charge is attractive Captain Margaret Tisdall.

She was one of the original members of the unit when it was formed in the Middle East. She has trained many of the other sisters in the meticulous details of nursing care demanded by plastic surgery work.

A.A.M.W.S. Corporal Thelma Hayes, of Albury, N.S.W., who has been attached to the unit for three years, is dental surgery assistant.

The dental section is a very important part of the unit. It's here that splints are made and fitted to help with the restoration of faces to their normal appearance.

While I was there a bright young Waaaf, ACW Kay Gregory, dropped in to say good-bye to friends on the staff before she went off to spend leave with her parents in Adelaide.

Her eyes shone with happiness as she related how she had been given a new lower eyelid and skin-grafting inside her nose to repair injuries she had received in a truck accident.

Then I saw a snap sent in by a former patient, showing him happily playing his saxophone—thanks to a graft of flesh on one of his thumbs.

His gratitude was not only for the return of a normal thumb . . . but for his job, after the war. He is a professional musician.

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What's on your mind?

Dressmakers should be qualified

BEFORE any woman is allowed to set up business as a dressmaker she should be obliged to prove to some competent authority that she really is capable of making dresses satisfactorily.

In these days of coupons, it is most distressing to give a dressmaker valuable material for which you have surrendered coupons, only to have it ruined. There is plenty of room for more good dressmakers, but there should be no place for those who, through inefficiency, ruin good materials.

£1 to A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

Co-operative farming

CO-OPERATIVE farming is not a new idea, as many imagine. When I was a child in the back country, all the small farmers round about used this method.

Between them they purchased necessary machinery. Then, together they ploughed, sowed each other's crops, harvested them, and shore the sheep.

The women cooked for the men, while the children cut wood and stoked the fires. The women and children also carried morning and afternoon tea round to the men while they were at work in the paddocks.

No money was exchanged, and they were a happy, carefree community.

5/- to Nora Bourke, 217a William St., Sydney.

Pensioners' Payments

ONE wonders why aged pensioners are obliged to go for their pay. Wouldn't it be much kinder to have it posted to them, thus saving a weary wait in a queue—especially in trying weather?

Just think how these elderly people would appreciate the change.

5/- to Mary Davis, 37 Park St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Should be excluded

WHY do advertisements of picture-show attractions bother to label pictures as "Not suitable for general exhibition" when children are freely admitted and no questions asked?

Where any picture is declared "Unsuitable for general exhibition," no child under the age of 14 should be admitted.

5/- to Mrs. A. Lewis, 19 High St., Carlton, N.S.W.

School books on loan

I HAVE been amazed to find the number and high prices of books required for a young girl to enter an elementary school—especially as many of these will only be needed for one year.

Could the school authorities buy these books, instead of the parent, then loan them out to each pupil for a small fee?

If properly sterilised and well cared for, these books would in no way incur a loss to the school authorities.

5/- to Mrs. R. Dickinson, 89 Christmas St., Northcote, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 2. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Should grandpa spank?

IS it right for grandparents to spank their grandchildren?

My friend has a little boy of four. While her husband is away in the forces she has been making her home with his people. When the

boy is naughty the grandfather administers a spanking, and a quarrel starts.

Personally, I think that parents alone should chastise.

5/- to Mrs. E. Vinn, 393 Sandgate Rd., Albion, Qld.

Harmonious finance

MANY of your correspondents depict men as being unutterably mean.

I have been married five years and money has never been discussed in our family apart from deciding if we can afford to buy some special requirement. We have a joint current account, and when either of us needs money we just write a cheque, being careful to enter the balance on back of cheque butt.

Neither ever inquires how the money is to be used.

5/- to "Contented Wife," Gidyea St., Barcaldine, Qld.

Our girls not "dumb"

REPLYING to Corporal R. Wilkinson (13/1/45), who finds the Australian girl unintelligent—I find the majority of girls quite as sensible as men.

A man is judged by the company he keeps and if the girls he takes out have nothing to talk of but lipstick, powder, and hair fashions, they evidently think that his mind would not rise to any higher level.

5/- to R. Evans, 201 Lennox St., Richmond, Vic.

Open verandahs

WHY are so many modern Australian homes minus real verandahs? In this country, where the sun gets very hot in summer, a wide, open verandah is a great comfort, if not a necessity.

5/- to K. Richards, Throsby St., Fairfield West, N.S.W.

Babies' shoes need not be rationed

A CURIOUS anomaly exists regarding the rationing of babies' and young children's footwear, as against the abundance of high-priced unrationed leather goods.

Mothers are hard-pressed to secure suitable footwear for their children, while windows are full of such goods as leather handbags and wallets, obtainable coupon free.

This should be rectified at once.

5/- to E. J. Gawthorne, 25 Stafford St., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Degree for members

ONE of the most important factors in Parliamentary reform would be a compulsory requirement for all members entering Parliament to hold a degree proving their efficiency in subjects such as finance, economics, oratory, and etiquette.

5/- to J. G. Sewell, 79 Binalong St., Murrumburrah, N.S.W.

Post-war schooling

WILL anything be done in post-war planning for working people living too far from town to send their children to a day school?

The correspondence lessons are good for young children, but older children need the company of youngsters of their own age if they are to stand on their own feet later on.

There should be boarding schools where children can be sent, at prices in keeping with their parents' incomes.

5/- to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Kensington Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Continuing . . . Old Sinners Never Die

from page 4

"YOU talk of self-respect!" I said bitterly. "With Speek hardly cold in his grave!"

"You're a fool, Ford," he said, more quietly than I had ever heard him speak. "What Helen does is her own affair, but I tell you now, as far as I'm concerned, and you can go to the devil. And remember, when you get there, the road was of your own choosing. Let's go to lunch."

He turned abruptly, and the next moment was greeting Mrs. Marven, who was engrossed in a handbill advertising the coming of Signor Carlo Boldini, "the master mind-reader." She offered the paper to Price, who glanced through it, smiling.

"Why, Ford," he said with a laugh, "if the great Boldini were here now, I wonder what he'd read in our minds."

"I know," Mrs. Marven cried, "and I'm no Boldini."

I looked at her in astonishment, and Price raised his eyebrows quizzically.

"No?" he grinned. "Not really?"

"Yes," she said. "You're wondering whether there's a pigeon pie for lunch. Well, there is."

"What a woman!" Price shouted. "Madam, my arm!" Laughing, she took it, and lifted her skirt delicately.

They laughed together foolishly, but, as I followed, I was convinced that Price was putting up the bluff of his life, for Helen Speek had called at the post office that morning and while inquiring for letters had whispered me an invitation to call and see her that night at ten o'clock.

Mrs. Marven was very merry during luncheon, and with Price and the sheepish bank clerk, Teecher, and one or two others who dropped in, kept up a continuous flow of inanities which, with all the things I had on my mind, almost drove me crazy.

Price entertained the company with his everlasting reminiscences of the circus that had once planted itself on his father's property.

How strange, I thought, that he could talk in this flippant manner at such a time. How curious that Mrs. Marven should show no sign of anxiety. They were either very clever or very callous. Price, I considered, might be both, but I still could not bring myself to believe that Mrs. Marven was hard-hearted.

And then I suddenly recollected something I had read about the peculiar indifference of poisoners to the fate of their victims.

I had once had a rather interesting talk with Dr. Hansen — many months before Speek died—and it came back to me vividly.

He had especially mentioned poison as a woman's weapon. He had told me that a Roman emperor had publicly executed no fewer than one hundred and seventy wives on the one day and en masse, all for poisoning their husbands; and that an Italian woman in the 17th century confessed to poisoning six hundred people.

I looked about me at the laughing faces, and wondered whether they'd be smacking their lips over Mrs. Marven's pigeon pie if they knew what was in the parchment envelope hidden in her safe.

Mrs. Marven, it seemed, had made her pie in a dish lined with highly seasoned veal forcemeat with slices of bacon and veal shortbread. There were also a few tiny mushrooms, and the veal gravy added flavor. As she explained this, it occurred to me that in living at the hotel I really took my life in my hands. One day, perhaps—I brushed the hideous thought away. After all, she would hardly wish to poison all her guests.

But the idea persisted. All these little culinary embellishments that she brought to her dishes. Might it not be possible to serve me with something that was not given to those eating at the same table? We would all have partaken of the same pie, yet they would live and I would die, and it would all be very mysterious, just as Speek's death was mysterious.

The idea was not a nice one to contemplate, and so upset me for the moment that I carefully pushed on one side of my plate a couple of button mushrooms, and ate the rest of my pigeon pie without relish.

Talk naturally turned to the coming performances of Signor Boldini, for visits by professional entertainers were few and far between.

"If Boldini reads what's in my mind," Price said with a laugh and a glance at me, "he might have me arrested."

The bank clerk fellow gave it as his opinion that mind-reading was all nonsense, and for once I agreed with him.

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Marven said. "I think it can be done. Why, only last night old Mr. Plank came into the bar and said to me: 'Now, Mrs. M., I know what you're thinking. You're thinking I'm going to ask for more credit. And, believe it or not, so I was.'" We all smiled and she went on: "But I don't say I hold with mind-reading. It would be a terrible thing if we all knew each other's thoughts."

She had spoken in an unusually serious tone, and there was a momentary silence broken by Price's explosive laugh.

"You're right, Mrs. Marven," he cried. "You're not only a beautiful woman, you're a wise one."

After lunch as we sat smoking on the front verandah, a little man on the roadway bade us a polite good-day as he passed. We gazed after him, speculatively, for any stranger in the town excited comment, and Price said: "Don't remember him."

MRS. MARVEN joined us at the moment, and Price gesticulated with his cigar.

"Who's your friend?" he asked.

Mrs. Marven looked toward the little man who was now turning in at Constable Burke's gate.

"I don't know his name," she said, "but he's boarding with Luke Barmby."

Haggart, the draper, called at the post office and bought a money order. I was no longer interested in the man with his silly moustache and air of braggadocio, but, despite our previous conversation, or perhaps because of it, he chose to take me into his confidence.

"I'm sending for a present," he said, with a disgusting wink. "Something special." He lowered his voice. "Not for you-know-who. No, sir. No more in that quarter for Henry D. Haggart, Esquire. Not with a man like Garnet Price hanging round."

He had the effrontery to lean across the counter and poke me with his finger as he leered: "You and I know, Mr. Ford, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"I suppose you're right," I agreed coldly as I handed him the money order, and noticed that Luke Barmby's new boarder had come silently into the office, and was standing at Haggart's elbow and just behind him.

He was a man of no more than five feet two, and of indefinite age, sparsely built, and with shrewd blue eyes that darted hither and thither, taking in everything not only while he listened but while he spoke.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said, and made Haggart jump so that he dropped the addressed envelope he was holding.

The newcomer, with a hasty apology, bent to retrieve it, and, almost before his hand reached it, he uttered an exclamation of pain, and pressed his other hand to his hip and remained in the stooped position so long I thought he must be suffering seriously.

"Lumbago," he explained, and gradually straightened up. "Gets me like that suddenly. Your letter, sir." He handed Haggart the envelope and the draper took it and departed.

"Nasty thing, lumbago," the little man said. "Still, we mustn't grumble. Think of all the trouble in the world. People crippled, and deaf and dumb and blind." He paused as if something had just come to his mind.

"Blind!" he went on, shaking his head mournfully. "I wouldn't like to be blind. Anything but that. Not knowing what was going on round you, guessing at who you were speaking to. No, I wouldn't like that." He fumbled in his pocket and produced a wallet. "Six two-penny stamps, please."

As he took them and stowed them carefully away, he said: "No, I wouldn't like to be blind. Terrible thing. No wonder that poor fellow Speek poisoned himself the other day."

"Speek shot himself," I said, but the carelessly spoken words had given me quite a shock.

"OH, was that it? I heard he'd done himself in." He regarded me with his piercing eyes. "Didn't I see you outside the hotel a while back, sir?" he asked.

"Possibly," I said. "I live there."

"I should have put up at the Royal," he told me, "but I was recommended to Barmby's. I am afraid that Mr. Barmby doesn't think highly of the landlady." He gave me a knowing look, but I was not to be drawn.

"Mrs. Marven is a very respectable woman," I volunteered.

"Marven!" He repeated the name. "Marven! Not the wife of Bill Marven—little chap about my size?"

"On the contrary," I said coldly, "Mr. Marven weighed seventeen stone, his first name was James, and his wife has been a widow for six years." I had spoken tersely, hoping to stop further questioning, but he was in no way abashed.

"Well," he said, "if it had been old Bill I'd have hopped straight over to the pub—recommendation or no recommendation."

I was to see more of the little man that day. A telegram came in with porterage paid, which meant that someone had to ride to a farm a few miles out of town. It was a pleasant late afternoon, and I decided to earn the money myself. I obtained a horse from Mrs. Marven's stable.

The way led past the dreary site where Speek lay buried, and, as I rode by, I saw a horse tethered at the cemetery gate and a man moving slowly among the graves. He held a book of some sort in his hand, and intermittently paused and, as far as I could see, made an entry. The day was darkening, but I was quite sure I recognised Luke Barmby's new boarder.

It turned out a glorious night, and, at a circumspect hour, I again called upon my fiancee and her father. The old man had had his evening meal and was sleeping, thank heaven, and, although I could not claim that Eileen was overjoyed to see me, she at least gave me the opportunity to talk to her alone.

We sat in opposite chairs in the parlor across the hallway from the sick chamber, the door discreetly ajar. It was very evident that there was something on her mind, and she was not long in coming to the point.

Please turn to page 15

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week gives promise of good fortune to those born under Gemini, Libra, Aquarius, Aries, and Sagittarius.

They should seek additional happiness and success by asking favors, making changes, and seeking promotion.

Taurians and Scorpions may have setbacks, worries, and obstacles to overcome, and for Leonians distressing partings, opposition, losses, and disappointments are possible. They should live very quietly.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid rashness and consolidate routine affairs. February 6 (morning and evening) mildly helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Guard against indiscreet speech, writings, contracts, or unwise changes, especially on February 1 (late) and February 4, 5, and 6.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): February 2 promises desirable opportunities, changes, pleasures, friendships. Best after 10 a.m. February 3 helpful, except in mid-afternoon.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Not good days for important changes. February 1 (to sunset) very good for lesser affairs. February 6 (morning and evening) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Beware pitfalls, separations, actions and speech bringing later regrets. Routine work wisest. February 4, 5, and 6 very poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): February 1 (sunset) pleasing. Avoid over-confidence. February 2 very fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Speed up important matters. Seek opportunities, promotion, and gains. February 1 (to sunset) and February 2 especially good. February 3 (except between 1 and 4 p.m.) fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Beware discord, removals, and delays. February 3 (afternoon) and 4, 5, and 6 all difficult. Routine best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): February 2 (afternoon) and February 3 (except between 1 and 4 p.m.) fair. February 6 (late) helpful.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): February 1 (to sunset) quite helpful. Rest of week tricky.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Seek promotion, desired changes, gains, new ventures and pleasures. Good weeks ahead. February 1 (to sunset) and February 2 excellent. February 3 (except 1 to 4 p.m.) fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): February 4 (early) and 6 (until 10 a.m.) fair. Routine affairs best. Plan ahead. Better weeks soon.

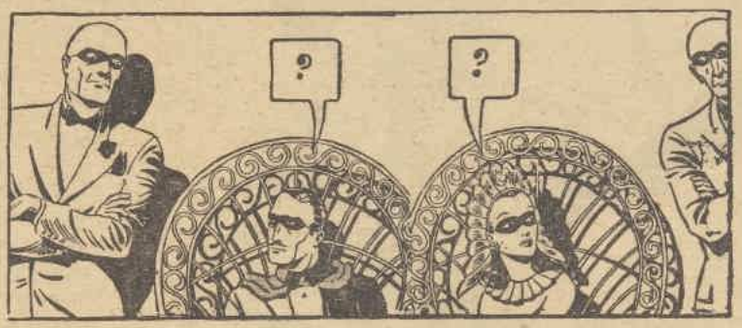
(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"What were you in civilian life, Doctor?"

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are at Kord Key, West Indies, where they were lured to a masque ball by a sinister man,
BARON KORD: Who was attracted by Narda's beauty. He is dressed as the devil.
TRINA: Kord's sister, dances with Mandrake, who asks why the guests who line the walls are silent and motionless, why there are armed guards. Trina says the guests can't dance, that Mandrake and Narda were fools to come. Kord calls Trina outside, tells Mandrake and Narda to be seated. NOW READ ON:



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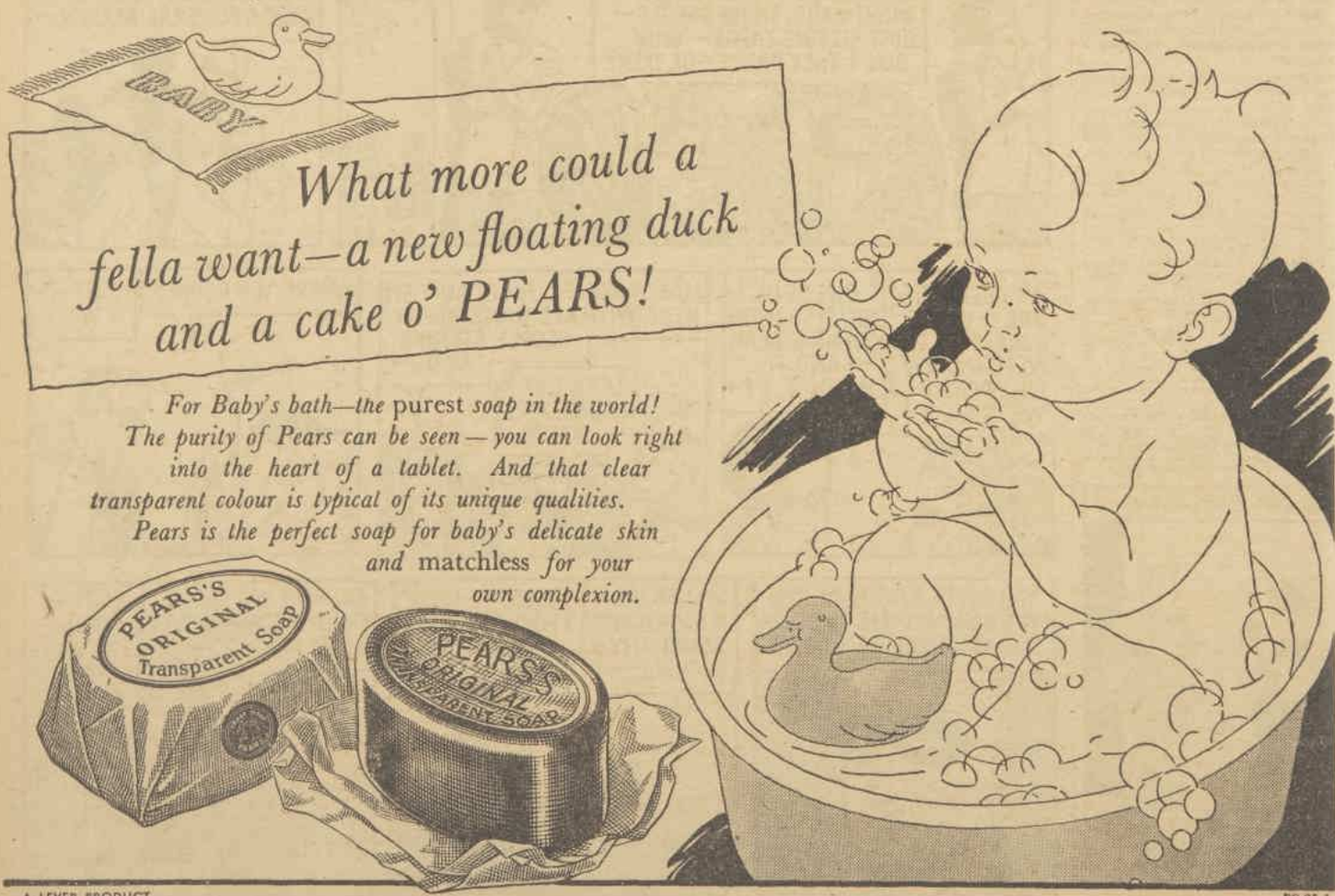
"I couldn't be more alone on a desert island"

Perspiration odour from "second-day undies" — inexcusable! A simple dip in Lux after every wearing whisks it out, protects daintiness. Another thing! Perspiration left in garments overnight weakens delicate threads. In wartime, dainty wear needs Luxing more than ever. Lux-ed things last so much longer.

U.161.1



What more could a fella want—a new floating duck and a cake o' PEARS!

For Baby's bath—the purest *soap in the world! The purity of Pears can be seen — you can look right into the heart of a tablet. And that clear transparent colour is typical of its unique qualities. Pears is the perfect soap for baby's delicate skin and* matchless *for your own complexion.*

A LEVER PRODUCT

PS.25.1

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Sailor's four trips in landing craft

After D-Day joined oil tanker operating on French coast

After four years in the Merchant Navy, Norman Schultz stepped on to the only continent he had not yet visited when he had shore leave in Cherbourg.

In this letter to Miss Eileen Gordon, Guinea St., Albury, he tells her about his three and a half months in an oil tanker on the French coast and his four trips in a landing barge on D-Day.

"WE spent three and a half months in and around the beaches, then were ordered home," he writes.

"I was very pleased to get away. It was getting boring with little to do except fish and sometimes go alongside a ship and fill her up with oil.

"In all that time we were without the services of a barber and we looked a sight. I had my hair falling down my shoulder and looked like a musician out of work.

"I have had a couple of days' leave and am waiting for a ship. I am trying to get down to South America again, you know, where life is gay and they dance the Conga and hold bull-fights. (Grrrrrrrr).

"D-Day was a great sight. Hundreds of ships set sail in the twilight and it caught your breath to watch them line up with deadly and deliberate precision.

"With the big guns pounding away, smaller guns chattering, rocket-firing craft sending salvo after salvo into the German defences, the rattle of anchor cables, and shouted orders, it seemed like noisy confusion.

"But everything went off fine and our landing craft, loaded with Royal Marines, were heading for shore almost at the same time as the anchor was settling into the mud.

"As soon as the first flotilla had cleared the beaches the second was heading in, and then the third and fourth and so on.

"Among the first to go ashore were Royal Navy signal and plotting experts and their job was to signal information back to the ships.

"We read one message which said, 'Two houses—area X — machine-guns, crossfire—causing annoyance—destroy.'

"A destroyer moved out of line and turned abeam and her guns barked twice and two houses just fell down and the machine-guns were no longer an 'annoyance.'

"We were on our way home within a few hours. I we: . back four times and then I was transferred to a tanker which went across with fuel for the other ships.

"We had shore leave and I walked on my last continent at Cherbourg.

THE "TASMANIACS," a concert party that has given more than 500 concerts since its formation, is now entertaining Australian troops on Bougainville. —Australian Official Photo.

"After we had found the German submarine pens we spent most of our time ashore rummaging round them.

"They were thoroughly constructed, with the walls and roof about ten feet thick.

"They had air-conditioned sleeping quarters, a very well-equipped workshop, and enough spare parts lying round to build a sub.

"We found a stack of rubber floats and each of us took one to use on the beaches picking up the boxes of equipment that the Yanks dropped when they were unloading.

"Well, I have been given strict instructions to get my rations to-day. My hostess is going to be annoyed if she comes home to feed me and finds 'nowt' in this house to eat.

"I don't need a shopping basket. I can get my week's ration in my waistcoat pocket.

"I might get an egg this week, if I'm lucky. Last week I had four chops for my meat ration. Are things as bad (or good) over there?

"Let me thank you and all the other millions who have so graciously allowed your food to be rationed.

"We in this part of the world are receiving Australian food, in fact, I saw Kiewa butter going ashore to the troops in France a few days after D-Day.

"Our 'duff' (steam pudding to you) is made a little tastier with the help of Mildura dried fruits, and our diet is varied with the help of tinned fruits."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

P/O. R. K. Lovitt, somewhere in the Pacific, to his wife at 200 Stewart St., East Brunswick, Vic.:

"AT a show I went to we saw a wicked picture, one of the worst I've seen.

"Some of the remarks passed by the audience were 'beauts.'

"To top them off, when a chap on the screen was trying to sing and making an awful hash of it, one of the boys got up with his rifle and let go a bullet at the singer and shot him.

"He was cheered by all and sundry, but unfortunately it failed to stop the chap singing."

Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 12

"I WANTED to tell you something, Mr. Ford," she said hesitantly, "something you have got to know before we are married."

"You may be sure you may speak in confidence, Eileen," I said, and I was relieved to find that she accepted my free use of her name as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"It—it concerns Larry Ward," she said. She gave me a fleeting glance and doubtless saw the quick stiffening of my jaw, for she turned away instantly.

"Larry?" I tried to sound indifferent. I had hoped we had heard the last of him.

She said softly: "Larry and I should have been married."

Suspicion thrust deeply into my heart at her words, as it had the day I saw those names carved on the bole of the tree.

"I don't quite understand," I said. "I guessed you were friends——"

"We were more than friends, Mr Ford," she interrupted, and I felt a sinking in my heart. "The day before he went away he asked me to marry him. I was worried about father. I knew how desperately ill he was, and I knew he wouldn't like the idea of Larry and me marrying. You know, Mr. Ford, the poor boy had nothing. He was not the sort to save."

"I know," I said. "He told me."

"He told you?"

"He said that he had nothing—that a man should have money and position, some solidity before he married. He told me he was leaving the town."

"He told you that?" She seemed surprised. "It doesn't sound like Larry. When did he tell you, Mr. Ford?"

"The day he disappeared," I informed her. "He came and saw Hennessy and me just after his trouble with Speek."

Her face flushed a little, and she turned her head away as she said: "I have heard about that, but I can't believe that Larry would strike a blind man."

"Yet he did," I said. "He confessed. He was very frank about it."

"Oh," she cried, "then something terrible must have been said."

I felt it was no use sparing her further. Sooner or later she must know.

"Speek had found Larry with his wife."

"Oh, it's preposterous," she cried indignantly. "It's all so—so silly."

How curious, I thought, that she should have used Larry's own words.

"Helen Speek is a very handsome woman," I said.

"But," she cried, "Helen is so much older. Why, Larry's only a boy. Oh, I can't—I'll never believe it."

"Eileen," I said kindly. "I am older than you. I am a man of the world. I know how these things happen. Larry was young, impetuous. Temptation was thrust in his way. He was left alone with an attractive, experienced woman. He had accidentally knocked down Luke Barmby's child and had had a drink or two. He wasn't himself."

"Please!" She put out her hand to stop me.

"Believe me, my dear," I said. "I do not want to hurt you."

"I know," she said weakly. "You have been very good. I do appreciate it, but—I like to think of Larry as I knew him. You see, Mr. Ford, I wouldn't say yes the afternoon he asked me to marry him, though I had already said it in my heart. It didn't seem the time to think of my own happiness when father had just had such terrible news. I promised Larry faithfully I would write to him.

"I meant to try and persuade father to like Larry so that he would give his consent, but he was so sick and wretched. I wrote to Larry as I had promised, and I couldn't bear to keep him waiting for my answer till I came back from the city. I told him I would marry him. He must have got the letter the day those dreadful things happened."

"He did," I told her. "I remember quite well."

"That's why I can't believe them," she went on. "I'd told him I—I loved him, and yet——" She broke off, tears in her eyes.

"Eileen, my dear," I said, seating myself beside her and taking her hand, "please don't needlessly distress yourself. The poor boy is dead, and the past cannot be recalled. Let us think of the future."

She did not withdraw her hand. She said: "You're right, of course. I'll try and forget it all. But I couldn't go on without telling you."

"My dear," I said, "I think all the more of you for doing so. Now, come, smile."

I had the satisfaction of seeing her lips part, and was about to put my arm about her when Mahoney called from the room opposite. She turned to the door at once.

"Father wants me."

In a moment, and much to my chagrin, she had gone, but returned immediately to say Mahoney would like to see me. Annoyed that our tete-a-tete had been so inopportunely interrupted, I cannot say I greeted him very cheerfully. Nevertheless, he chose to be quite jolly.

"HOW are you, my boy?" he asked, as Eileen left us. "It's nice to see you again. I'm glad you've come round to-night. Daley, the lawyer from Baloola, is coming over on Wednesday to fix things up for me. Can't delay too long, you know." He smiled wanly. "I thought it might be a good opportunity to have the marriage settlement drawn up at the same time."

Wednesday was not far off, and I was confident my business with Helen would be wound up by then. Eileen, I felt, was thawing, and that had heartened me. I said it was all the same to me, and just then there was a knock upon the front door, and in a few moments Eileen ushered in Polly and Agatha Garner.

The little women were slightly embarrassed by my presence. They explained that they had merely called to inquire about Mahoney's health and to ask if they could be of any assistance, and said that they wouldn't stay. But the sick man insisted that they sit down and talk to him.

They did so, and he said fatuously: "As a matter of fact, Miss Polly and Miss Agatha, I think Eileen and this young man here will be very glad to have you watch over me for a while so that they may be alone together."

He winked at them, and as they looked their astonishment Eileen said: "Oh, father!"

Mahoney nodded sagely. "You might as well know now as later," he said. "These two young people have decided to get married."

"No!" Polly Garner uttered the exclamation and jumped up, overturning a vase from a table by the bedside.

"Ah, you are surprised," the old man said as I hastened to help Eileen restore the flowers.

"Surprised!" Polly exclaimed, hesitating. "Oh, yes!"

Agatha said: "It's such a shock. We had no idea." She put her arm about Eileen and said: "I do hope you'll be happy, dear."

"I think it's a splendid match," Mahoney said complacently.

The little women twittered about Eileen and drew her from the room, saying good-bye to her father. I had to leave soon afterwards to keep my appointment with Helen.

Punctually at ten I was at Mrs. Speek's gate and glanced warily about me. I wanted to be sure I was not seen. But there were no lights in any of the houses round about, and I walked up the long gravelled path on which I had skinned my wrist so painfully. Though the thing was practically healed, the recollection of Price's behaviour hardened me in my resolve as I knocked gently on the side door. It was opened immediately by Helen.

"Good evening, Mrs. Speek."

She did not return my greeting, and closed the door quickly after I had entered. I waited for her invitation to be seated. Instead she said:

"There is no reason to prolong this interview, Mr. Ford. I had expected to give you something to-night, but there are bank formalities it seems. I know very little about these things, but Mr. Teecher has promised that something can be arranged to-morrow. Half at least."

I WAS disappointed, but I said: "All right. You must pay me in notes, of course, and please have them in small denominations. Fivers and tenners will do. I do not want a cheque."

"I will arrange that," she promised.

"Very well," I said. "You will please parcel the notes up and address them to some fictitious person and bring them to me at the post office no later than to-morrow as if you were registering a package. Do you understand? I do not care to be seen calling upon you."

She said briefly that she understood.

"And the other half, I suppose, will be paid by Price?"

An angry frown creased her brow.

"I have told you he has nothing to do with this?" she said.

I laughed.

"Of course not," I said. "Nevertheless," I added, pointedly repeating Price's words, "what concerns you concerns him. Where is the estimable Mr. Price?"

"I don't know," she said. "I heard he had gone to Baloola."

"Well," I said, "you would know better than I." She changed color at that, and I continued: "I will not be content with half, Mrs. Speek. Be assured of that. The shares are worth the full thousand. The whole must be paid before Wednesday."

Her eyes regarded me speculatively.

"What sort of a man are you, Mr. Ford?" she queried.

"What sort of a woman are you, Mrs. Speek?"

She turned with an impatient gesture and opened the door. "Good-night," she said, dismissing me abruptly. I picked up my hat from Timothy Speek's big easy-chair. The contempt in her voice had nettled me. I looked down at the little table. "Dear, dear," I said, "no chocolates?"

The color rushed to her face and tears of mortification started in her eyes, while she bit her lip to prevent herself uttering the words that trembled there. She opened the door wider, and shut it swiftly after I went out.

To be continued

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CANBERRA . . . THE GLOUCESTERS' NEW

CANBERRA'S tree-lined winding one-way highways will confuse them for a while.

COMBINED fire-brigade-ambulance station is believed to be only one of its kind in world. Staff carries out both fire and ambulance duties. Personnel live with their families in attractive modern homes surrounding station.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, a tree-fra The Duke's first official engage

AUSTRALIAN War Memorial is a landmark on the slopes of Mt. Ainslie. This is a view of the inner garden court of the memorial.

SUNDAY MORNING scene. Since petrol rationing business girls travel by horse-dray for swimming picnic.

BUTLER, Mr. Collier, at the Duke's private entrance to Yarralumla, his Canberra home.

BUS CONDUCTRESS wears a smart khaki uniform and cap.

BUSINESS-GIRLS carry armfuls of lovely flowers to decorate one of the Service canteens in the capital.

ST. JOHN Duke an

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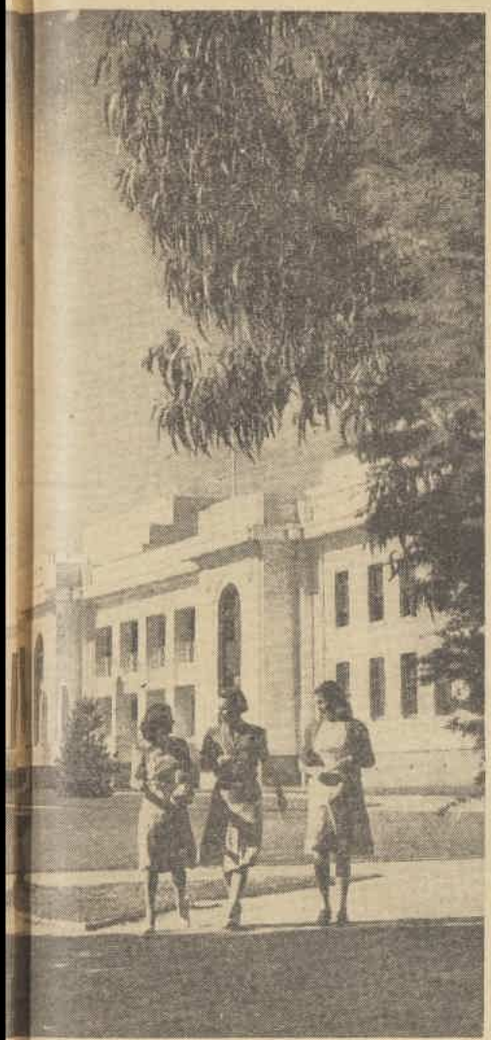
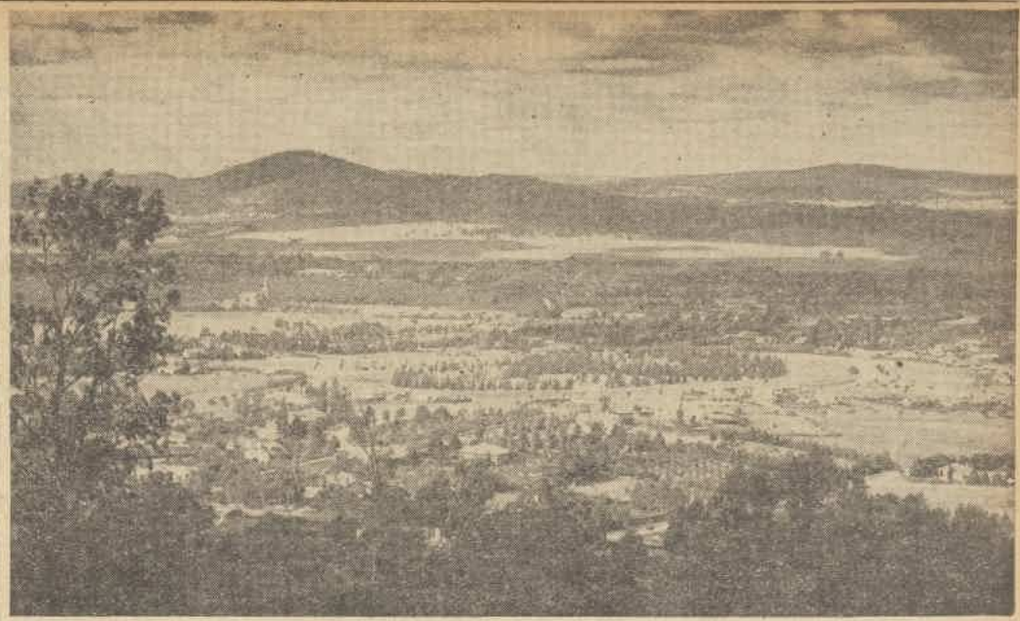
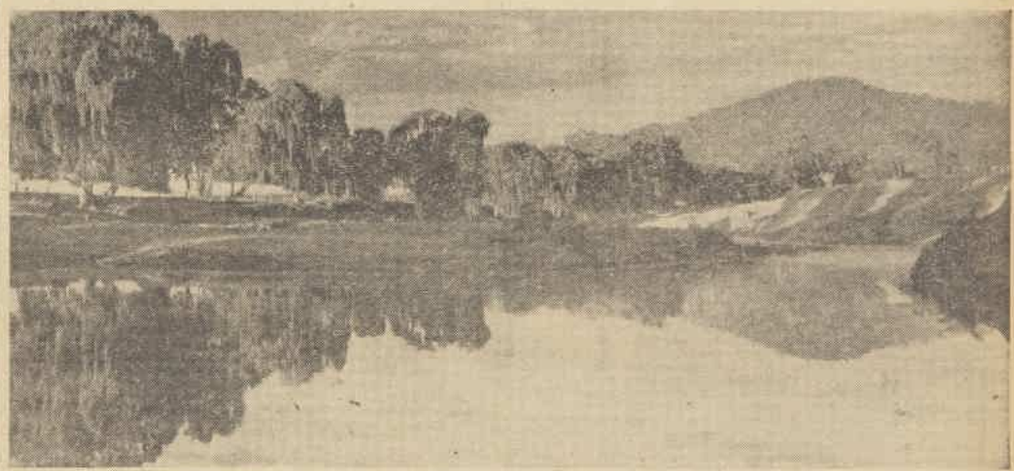
OME TOWN



view of the building from the western side. will be to open Parliament this month.



PANORAMA of Canberra from the top of Red Hill, which overlooks the Federal capital from the south.



PEACEFUL COUNTRYSIDE mirrored in the Molonglo River at the old swimming-pool, in sight of the heart of the capital. Canberra now has modern swimming-pool in the centre of the city.

e Governor-General's parish church. The chess will sit in the front pew at the left.

TROUT-FISHING in a picturesque bend of the Cotter River. This sport is one of the Duke's favorite relaxations.

BELLONA, Spirit of War, Bertram McKennal's striking bronze on Commonwealth Ave., en route to Yarralumla.

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Romany Tan

by Cyclax

Breath of the out-of-doors . . . dream weaver of halcyon days in country lanes or on sunny sands . . . Romany Tan, the "Veriest kiss of the sun"—loveliest of all Summer Make-ups.

There's:

- Face Powder . 5/6
- Day Lotion . . 7/2
- Lipstick . . . 8/3
- Lipstick Refill . 5/-
- Rouge . . . 5/6

CYCLAX, THE ARISTOCRAT OF BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Obtainable from first-class Stores throughout Australia

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AFTERNOON TEA-PARTY. Rhona Bates (left), Nerall Aspinall, Patricia Maas, Helen Venn Brown, Patricia Scott, Robin Wisdom, and Pamela Scrivener celebrate Patricia Scott's engagement to Lieut. Richard Erd, U.S. Army Air Corps, at afternoon party at Prince's. Patricia's fiance has gone North.

R.A.A.F. WEDDING. Flight-Lieut. Gordon Peters, D.F.C., R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Yvonne Keene, leaving St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, after marriage.

On and Off Duty.

ARCHIBALD PRIZE. Mrs. H. V. Evatt, wife of Attorney-General, Hon. H. V. Evatt, visits National Art Gallery to see this year's Archibald Prize, which was won by Mr. Joshua Smith for his painting of Mr. Rosewear, Speaker of the Federal House. Bill Dobell, winner of last year's prize with his portrait of Joshua Smith, is with Mrs. Evatt.

KNOW all Australian women who hope to meet new Governor-General, Duke of Gloucester, and his charming wife will be interested to learn that the Duchess will wear long dresses to formal evening functions.

In a message sent out from England we learned that Her Royal Highness' evening dresses are long, as they are all pre-war, and have been worn on only a few occasions during wartime.

I believe the Duchess has said that she understands perfectly that owing to wartime restrictions Australian women cannot obtain new long dresses or evening gloves, and that guests will be excused on all occasions should they wear short frocks, as dressing is entirely optional.

• • •

LOTS of hospitality for visiting Wrens. In fact, it's wondered if they ever find time to sleep, as they seem inundated with invitations. One young Sydney matron, Mrs. Keith Waller, formerly Alison Dent, was particularly anxious to meet some of the English girls, as she was a member of W.R.N.S. from outbreak of war until she got released from the Service to go to China to be married. Alison served in England and Scotland, later was transferred to Washington, D.C., in America, with rank of second-officer. Friend of a great friend of Alison's in the W.R.N.S. in England is Second-Officer Allyce MacCallum, who was one of first Wrens to arrive in Sydney.

• • •

ALISON entertained Second-Officer MacCallum at Sunday luncheon party and later motored to Koala Park to show Allyce our bears. By the way, Alison's baby daughter, Shirley Anne, is christened at St. Mark's, Darling Point, wears lovely little dress which is gift of her grandmother, Mrs. John Irwin Dent. Mrs. Waller's sister, Mrs. Philip Wilson, comes with eleven-year-old daughter, Toni, from Barraba, and Toni proclaims herself godmother to her little niece. Party follows ceremony at Australia Hotel, where Alison and Keith dispense hospitality.

AUSTRALIAN AIRMAN ENTERTAINED. Sir Hubert Wilkins, well-known explorer, and Lady Wilkins entertain Sergeant J. MacKinnon, jun., R.A.A.F. airman, at a New York night club when he passes through America. Sir Hubert and his wife are frequent visitors to Anzac Club in New York, and entertain many Australian servicemen.

PHOTO FROM CANBERRA. Captain and Mrs. L. S. Bracegirdle admire the handiwork of the duck-run which Captain Bracegirdle, who is official secretary to the Governor-General, has built in the grounds of the official secretary's cottage, adjoining Yarralumla.

ENGAGED. ACW Lois Latham, W.A.A.A.F. (third from left), who announces engagement to Captain Peter Priestley, British Royal Engineers, who is member of General Montgomery's staff, lunches at Sydney Day Nursery Canteen in working "jeans" with fellow W.A.A.A.F. members Sergeant Millie Cornish (left), Corporal Shirley Wood, and Sergeant Edith Judd (right).

STAYING with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hyles, of Queanbeyan, is Mrs. "Doc" Watson and her little daughter, Margaret Anne, who celebrated first birthday last August. "Doc," who is flight-lieutenant with R.A.A.F., is instructor, now in Tasmania. Mrs. Watson, who was Betty Hyles, and all the Hyles family pleased to have cousin Geoffrey back from more than three years' service with R.A.A.F. in Middle East.

• • •

COUNTRY home for newlywed Mrs. Tom Stirton, formerly Peggy Bevan, of Newport. Peggy and Tom marry at St. Martin's, Killara, and will settle at Tom's property, Cresshrook, Inverell.

THREE days' notice for Nancy Taylor to prepare wedding plans for her marriage with Engineer Lieut. David Bluett, R.A.N.V.R., when he comes on leave. Nancy wears lovely gown lent by Mrs. Charles Ryerson for ceremony at St. David's, Lindfield. Nancy's sister-in-law, Mrs. John Taylor, who was Elizabeth Downes, and Gwen Stevenson attend bride. Elizabeth's little girl, three-year-old Susan, was flower girl.

• • •

JUST four days later Gwen Stevenson plans marriage with David Walkom at St. Martin's, Killara, and Nancy and David return from brief honeymoon at South Coast so that Nancy may attend Gwen as matron of honor.

• • •

BUSY days for Mrs. Nelson Johnson, wife of American Minister, who has at long last moved into lovely new home, American Legation, in Canberra. Her children, Betty Jane and "Nebe," her son, entertain some young guests in their school holidays. "But we'll not be entertaining officially until the end of the month," says Mrs. Johnson. Many Canberra hostesses will be envious when they see the really lovely furnishings which have been sent out from America.

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LOTS of interest when Marily Smyth, of Warwick, Queensland, who, by the way, is old Ascham student, announces engagement to Lieut. Pat Trebeck, A.I.F. Marily is daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Smyth, and Pat is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Trebeck, of "Bundaroo," Brewarrina.

Joyce

SERVICE WEDDING. Major Woodrow Wright, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Marjorie Smith, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill, with attendants Captain Jack Minnett, A.I.F. (left), Squadron-Leader Barry Wilson, R.A.A.F., bride's sister, Mrs. H. Watson, and Mrs. John Hurley.

ENTERTAINED. Lady Dugan, wife of Acting Governor-General (third from left), Second-Officer Blair Bowden (left), Mrs. George Moore, wife of Rear-Admiral Moore, Third-Officer May Carrol, in Wrans' wardroom, at afternoon tea after inspection by Lady Dugan, of Wrans at H.M.A.S. Rushcutter.

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DO YOU KNOW?

The girl the hanging gardens of Babylon were built for, Amuhia, wife of Nebuchadnezzar, used a weird dentrifice. Beauties of her day mixed beer, oil, and sakilbir plant together. Glamour girls of today know that dingy teeth and boy-friends just don't mix. They use Kolynos Dental Cream. Why don't you try it?

It is unlucky for a sleeping person to grind his teeth. But this risk can be avoided by striking the person three times with a slipper.

Kolynos has been awarded the Gold Seal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.

Tooth decay is a sign of wealth! In ancient Egypt only the upper classes had decayed teeth. The teeth of peasants and slaves who ate tough, raw foods were perfect. These days anyone can keep clear of dental decay. Kolynos Dental Cream bubbles into those tiny interstices that your brush can't reach, removing food deposits that are the cause of decay.

Have men more teeth than women? Old Aristotle started that furphy, and everyone believed him till the early nineteenth century, when someone had the bright idea of counting the teeth. But it wasn't until the 20th century that people found out about Kolynos.

Opium for toothache. This was an old magic remedy for toothache. "To cure toothache so that it will never ache again, dissolve a piece of opium the size of a small pea in spirit of turpentine. Then place it in a hollow tooth." No thank you! But you can always rely on Kolynos — it's made from the formula of a brilliant American dental surgeon.

In England, 1600, a wise woman in Lambeth sold for a penny a charm of Saint Apollonia which was supposed to prevent toothache for the life of the wearer! Toothache is caused by dental decay—that's why you should keep your teeth antiseptically clean with Kolynos after every meal.

King James I. had decayed teeth, was forced to bolt his food, and suffered from chronic indigestion most of his life. Do you know what causes tooth decay? Those tiny particles of food that get jammed between your teeth. But you can sweep them away with half an inch of Kolynos Dental Cream on a dry brush.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 31, Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Feb. 1 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Feb. 2: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Feb. 3: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, Feb. 4 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Feb. 5: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, Feb. 6: "What's On the Menu?"

Hillbilly session popular

The glamor of cowboy life and the Wild West is brought to listeners in narrative and musical form in "Hillbilly Round-up," conducted by Keith Eadie, "Hillbilly Hank," from 2GB every Saturday night at 9.30.

JOHNNY WALKER, who originally introduced this session, and is now in the Air Force, called himself Hillbilly Johnny, and so Keith Eadie has adopted the title Hillbilly Hank.

Keith Eadie knows the public taste for hillbilly music from his experience in the country.

He chooses the songs for the session to appeal to all tastes. He also writes the scripts.

City survey figures reveal that over 30 per cent. of the actual listening audience at that time of night are listening to "Hillbilly Round-up"—nearly a third of Sydney's listening audience.

Although fan mail is large, Keith Eadie manages to answer it all personally. One letter suggested that a "Hillbilly Round-up" club should be formed.

Recordings by Gene Autry, Wilf. Carter, Buddy Williams, and Bill Campbell, Smiling Billy Blinkhorn, Bill Boyd, and Smoky Dawson are featured.

These yodelling cowboys sing appealing numbers. If the titles of the songs often seem to revolve round Texas, this is to be excused, as Texas is considered to be the home of the genuine cowboy.

Folk music

HILLBILLY and cowboy songs are different. Hillbilly songs are those of the men of the mountains, particularly those of the Kentucky hills, and cowboy songs are of the prairies.

Nevertheless, they are usually linked up together as the folk music of America.

There are many Australian songs written in the hillbilly style, for instance, "Poor Ned Kelly," written by Smiling Billy Blinkhorn.

Smiling Billy Blinkhorn is one of the most popular hillbilly singers. He is from Canada, and came to Australia some years back because, he says, it was the wildest country he could think of.

His first call was 2GB, where, after an audition, he was immediately engaged. He appeared in the 2GB early morning session for a while. He has since married an Australian girl.

In polls in America Gene Autry has been voted one of the most popular film stars.

He has written more than 200 songs, including many of those used in his 52 pictures. At present he is a sergeant in the U.S. Army.

Bob Dyer has dubbed himself as the last of the hillbillies. Although American by birth, he carried on the hillbilly tradition in Australia.

There are some girls, too, who are holding the fort while the boys are away—June Holms and Shirley Thoms, Australia's yodelling sweetheart.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3435.—Charmingly draped floral frock for afternoon and evening wear. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3014. — Snappy, useful, easy-to-make playsuit with detachable skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F135.—Sweet little frock for young things 2 to 6 years of age. Requires: 1½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F787.—Semi-tailored style for office, shopping, sports wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F846. — Another cleverly styled version of the pinafore-frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36in. wide, for overdress; 2½yds., 36in. wide, for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" in the address given in your State as under:
Box 382A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 125C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4068W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4068W, G.P.O., Sydney (N.Z. readers use money orders only).
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Fashion Frock Service

"DELIA" — Cool frock in summer linene

This dainty frock, cool and casual for hot summer days, is made in a material showing a linen-like finish, and of excellent wearing ability. It comes in attractive shades, including glory yellow, lace pink, apple-green, light saxe-blue, dusty pink, and sundeck-blue (deeper again than saxe).
The design shows a tailored turn-back collar, well-extended shoulders, and brief sleeves. The waistline is nipped in by a banded bust, and the skirt is trimmed with a small hipline yoke; from this falls a soft fullness at each side of a centre-front skirt seam. The back is plain with seam in centre back.
READY TO WEAR: 32 and 34in. bust, 47/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 52/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½.
CUT OUT ONLY (ready to sew at home): 32 and 34in. bust, 25/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 28/6 (12 coupons). Postage, 1/9½.
N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "DELIA" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give length, bust and hip measurements.
You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "DELIA," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.

Needlework Notions

No. 552.—Infant's Petticoat
With the pattern traced on a white rayon crepe-de-chine, this dainty petticoat for baby is all ready to cut out, embroider, and make up.
The design is plain, with rounded neckline, short bodice, and fully gathered skirt. The small bodice shows an embroidery motif to be worked in pastel tonings or in white silk. The hemline of the skirt is scalloped ready to be buttonholed.
Infant's size, 6/11 (3 coupons); 1 to 3 years, 7/11 (4 coupons). Plus 6½d. postage extra.

No. 553.—Slip and Scanties. This set has been fashioned for the smart miss 14 to 18 years—and up. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine, in pastel tones of pink or blue, and also plain white.
The design has a well-fitted bustline, and a plain, slightly flared skirt; scanties show a neat, flat waistband, slightly flared legs.
Set complete: Size 14 to 16 years, 32 and 34in. bust. Slip, 16/11; scanties, 8/11. Add 8 coupons for slip, 3 coupons for scanties. Postage, 1/1½ extra.
Size 16 to 18 years (or 36 and 38in. bust). Slip, 19/11. Scanties, 9/11. Add 8 coupons for slip and 4 coupons for scanties. Postage, 1/1½ extra.
N.B.—Lace as shown on set is not supplied.

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CATARRH BRONCHITIS

SINUS AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS

swiftly relieved by Lantigen 'B'

BRONCHITIS

"My daughter, 22 years of age, has been a sufferer of Chronic Bronchitis for years. Well, I have tried most everything, so last August I thought I would try Lantigen 'B.' She was in a very low condition when she started on the Lantigen 'B'; now she is beginning to put on a little weight, her ears have not discharged for some months, and she can get a good night's rest, where before she used to get terrible coughing fits."

(Original letter on our files.)

SINUS

"When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939 the photo showed them very dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of LANTIGEN, which has been a prolonged one, I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear, except for a slight thickening of the right antrum. This is marvellous, and can no doubt be put down to the good work LANTIGEN has done."

(Original letter on our files.)

CATARRH

"Well, I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for Catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again. I have told many friends about the way LANTIGEN has treated me."

(Original letter on our files.)

REMARKABLE PERSONAL REPORTS PROVE BENEFITS FROM THIS MODERN ORAL VACCINE

After all they had tried, it was hard for these people, whose letters are quoted above, to believe that a simple, easy treatment could relieve them of all that misery and worry quickly and lastingly. Yet these are only a few of the cases where oral immunisation has brought long-standing relief from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum infections. Two bottles of Lantigen "B" are usually sufficient to relieve an average case of such complaints and to establish long-lasting immunity from further infection. Yes, that is the story of this wonderful method.

"Lantigen" is different

Remember particularly that Lantigen is not an ordinary remedy—it is nothing like any other "relieving" medicine you've ever taken. Lantigen "B" is a well-tested, preventive, oral vaccine. It is absorbed into the system to aid the natural defence forces in the blood to combat the bronchitis-catarrh germs and build up resistance to their possible effects. Therefore, you can expect quite different and long-lasting results!

NO INJECTIONS NEEDED

Lantigen "B" oral vaccine works from within, to bring quick relief from catarrh and bronchitis and to keep you free for long periods thereafter! Don't hesitate! Lantigen "oral immunisation" is easy and convenient—just a few drops in water at bed-time. It is perfectly safe for even the youngest child. Go along to your chemist now. He knows of the wonderful results that Lantigen "B" is bringing, and will give all details.

RESEARCH WORKERS ENDORSE FACTS

Leading research workers now endorse the fact that by taking a vaccine by mouth (instead of by injection) efficient "anti-bodies" can be successfully created in the system to counteract the effect of the germs which cause the trouble. One, Dr. Cronin Lowe, of Manchester, England, reports: ". . . cases of catarrhal infections . . . clinical response has been most definitely marked."

Lantigen 'B'
ORAL VACCINE

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

£1/1/- per bottle for several weeks' treatment costs only 5d. per day.

LANTIGEN PREPARATIONS

LANTIGEN "A"—For the common Cold and Influenza.

LANTIGEN "B"—For Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum Infections, Bronchial Asthma, Recurrent Colds due to Catarrhal Infection, and allied respiratory tract disorders.

LANTIGEN "C"—For Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Spondylitis, Fibrositis, and other germ-born rheumatic disorders.

LANTIGEN "D"—For Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Septic Sores, Abscesses, Ulcers, Dermatitis, Gum and Mouth Infections (due to Staphylococci).

LANTIGEN "E"—For Hay Fever.

LANTIGEN "F"—For Whooping Cough.

OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

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Dark Parting

Continued from page 5

"THEY won't be able to see anything with the light until it's really dark," one of the men said.

They pulled the shutters across the window and clipped them down. Someone switched on the light, and they crossed to the table and sat down. Mac was still on the bed, his face outward, facing the room, and his arm under his head.

They sat round the table and dealt a poker hand from the deck left by Frank. They said nothing to Mac as he climbed from his bunk and left the room.

He knew what they were thinking, and he knew the things they wouldn't say while he remained in the room.

They said nothing when the door closed behind him. One of the men left the table and opened a locker against one of the bunks. He carried a box to the table and spilled the poker chips in the centre.

"We'd better play until they come in," he said.

They picked up the hands dealt them and looked at the cards carefully. One of the men laid his cards on the table and piled the poker chips on top.

"He was scared to go," he said. "He was all big plans and big mouth, and when it came he was scared to go."

"Forget it, Junior," another answered.

"Forget it nothing. He was scared, Joe. All of us wanted the chance to go, and he took it and wouldn't play."

"He's right, Joe," the dealer of the cards said. "We all wanted the chance and missed it because that scared so-and-so wouldn't admit it when they planned the thing."

"Why don't you go now, then? Why not nip out and go through the hole now? They haven't found it yet. You've still time."

"Being smart isn't helping any. You know it can't be done now the lights are on, anyway."

"Then leave it," Joe said. "If he was scared, so what? Anyone might be scared. It is——"

He broke off as the door opened and Mac came in and threw his woollen gloves on his bunk. He sat down and swung his feet up and lay full length again, with his face turned away from the room toward the pine planking of the wall.

They played poker until the lights gave a warning flicker at five minutes to eleven. At eleven the lights went out. They opened the shutters, and everything seemed quiet at the wire. The searchlights played up and down the barrier, and the men could see the wire through the fog when the lights played on the fence.

"It's funny they haven't found it yet," Joe said.

They lay on the bunks with their blankets pulled round them, waiting for the warning shouts and the heavy stamp of boots in the corridor when the security staff and their troops rushed in for the check parade.

There was only silence, with a soft rustling in the pines in the early morning when a light breeze came up with the dawn.

They watched the light grow stronger as the sun rose, and the fog dispersed quickly in the wind. They heard the sentry unlock the barrack-block doors at seven-thirty, and heard him whistling as he crossed the compound to the hut opposite.

The man named Joe climbed from his bunk and pulled his boots on. He stretched himself and looked at the others on the bunks. Two slept, but the others were sitting upright with their blankets round their shoulders.

"They've unlocked the doors," Joe said. "I'm going out to have a look. I can't understand why they haven't seen the hole yet."

"For God's sake, don't get them suspicious. Don't stare at the wire."

Joe turned with his hand on the door. "I'll just walk round the camp and have a casual look," he said. "You'd better light the stove; we're liable to have a long check parade this morning."

THE man he had spoken to climbed from his bunk to a stool below. He crossed to the stove, and then to the window. He saw the wire, and above, in the box, he saw the German guard beating his arms crossways against his waist. The fog was nearly clear, a thin, low whiteness in the forest like vapor rising from the brown floor.

Joe came into the room and crossed to the window. He turned and looked at the men in the room. He jerked his head at the window behind him. "Come and look," he said.

They climbed from the bunks and crossed to the window. Joe opened the frame and pointed to the sand below. They saw faint tracks in the sand from window to wire, faint smudges in the damp sand, as though a heavy weight had been dragged across.

"That's where they went," someone said.

"I know it's where they went," Joe said. "Now look at the end of the hut." He pointed with his finger. They looked over his arm and saw another track, fainter this time, running from the hut door at the end and joining the other tracks at the wire.

"That's why there wasn't any fuss last night," Joe said. "Someone crawled out there later and bent the cut ends back in shape again. It's given them a good chance, all right."

The fog was clear now, a loose, vapory grey in the tall, limbless pines beyond the barbed wire.

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Blind Date

Continued from page 7

HE remembered about the paper he was to tuck into his belt. It had gone right out of his head in the excitement. He hurriedly drew one from the pile on the bookstall counter and tossed down the money for it. He folded it hastily and jammed it into his belt. It wouldn't go in properly, and he had to control a rapid rise of temper. He unclipped his belt and refastened it over the paper. He lit a smoke and drew on it hard so that it burnt back savagely, making the burning tip long and pointed.

He wanted to clear off and forget the whole idea, and only the knowledge that he wouldn't forget it, that he'd secretly embarrass himself whenever he thought of it, prevented him. Then she came.

He hastily removed the newspaper from his belt, for he knew, then, that he couldn't come at it.

This was her all right. She was dark and tall and poised and she had dark, good-quality clothes on. She was looking about her inquiringly, and she looked straight at him. A haughty look, he thought. It hadn't occurred to her for a moment that he was the man who'd written those letters—and neither he was... He pretended to read the paper.

But he could still see her indistinctly, without focusing his eyes straight at her. She continued to survey him with a cool dignity. No doubt about it. The old boy had been right. It may not be a question of whether she was better or not, but she was different—and he wouldn't know what to say to her.

An aching disappointment grew in him, and the man who'd stuck his bayonet into a dozen Japs felt that it wouldn't be hard to cry.

An exasperated, angry, inner voice said, "Go on! Have a go! She can't bite y'!" But he knew he couldn't do it. He argued placatingly with the inner voice that he'd make a fool of himself, anyhow, if he went up to her now, after wavering so long. But he knew it wasn't anything reasonable like that. He just couldn't do it. He couldn't.

He noticed a blonde, who was small and cute and whose dress wasn't very expensive. She'd talk his language. He badly wanted to go up and talk to her to prove it, to regain faith in himself. She happened to look toward him. He smiled. She quickly looked away. The ridiculous desire to cry increased. He swallowed, and walked away, carefully keeping his eyes off the brunette.

He went into a little cafe and had some coffee and toast and smoked another cigarette. He told himself he was mad. He was letting a trifling incident get him down.

He wondered if she was still waiting for him. This thought persisted, increased till it had nagged its way into the core of his thoughts, and he left the coffee shop and returned to the bookstall.

The theatre crowd had melted and no women were left at the bookstall. Yes—there was one. Not Chris, but the blonde who'd looked away.

He became angry with her. Why should she look away? She was his own class. Then he wasn't angry, but he wanted to talk to her badly. He would talk to her whether she liked it or not. He'd tell her he had a blind date. It was a perfect line to get started on. Before the idea had properly settled in his upset mind he was acting upon it. "Excuse me," he said in his most polite tone, saluting her, "I had to meet someone here I hadn't met. I thought you might——"

Animal Antics

"Isn't John a scream? He says it's cooler in the middle of July."

Her cold stare melted. "Are you 'Arry?" she interrupted him excitedly.

"Eh?" This was more than he could take at one gulp.

She went very red. "Nothin'," she said. "I thought you was someone else."

"Have—you got a blind date, too?"

"What's it to you?"

"Look," said Harry, controlling himself, "your name—wouldn't be—Chris—would it?"

She defrosted again. "You must be 'Arry!"

"Yair! That's right!"

They spoke in unison: "You're not like I thought y'd be!"

They laughed.

"You write funny letters," she said.

"Well, look, I'll tell y' the truth. I didn't exactly write 'em," he said.

"Don't tell me y' did what I did!" she broke in amazedly.

"I got someone else to write 'em for me," he said.

The intensity of her laughter was an outlet for all the nervous tension she had pent up. "Ain't it a scream!" she said.

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

THE Wattle League hopes that the first flowers the Duchess of Gloucester receives on arrival in Australia will be some wattle presented by the League.

Though the golden and other showy examples of Australia's national flower will not be in bloom, Acacia linearis, a small bush wattle, flowers during the summer months.

There are so many varieties of wattle that it blooms throughout the year and in all parts of the Commonwealth.

One type grows even in the stony wastes of the Never Never and the arid inland beyond Broken Hill. It is a small-leafed, prickly variety known as "dead finish."

Three Duchesses

THE Duchess of Gloucester is the third woman member of the Royal Family to visit Australia.

Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth are the other two. Both came here as Duchess of York—Queen Mary as Duchess of York, for the opening of the first Federal Parliament in Melbourne, in 1901, and Queen Elizabeth, as Duchess of York, for the opening of the first Federal Parliament at Canberra in 1926.

In both cases their visits were made ten years before they became Queen of England, both their husbands were Kings (George V and VI), and both succeeded King Edward (VII and VIII).

The hard way

SCANNING through the "Want" ads. we noticed advertisements which might interest socially minded people bent on visiting Canberra for the Royal arrival.

One advertisement was for a secretarial position with the United Kingdom office, and the other for cook and housekeeper to the private secretary to the Indian High Commissioner.

That would be getting there—the hard way.

* * *

ITEM in U.S. newspaper: "The Grandma Baking Company of Los Angeles puts out an eerie little pastry called Grandma's Iced Fingers."

Wrong end

HORRORS of shopping for household increased over the school vacation with 14-year-olds in command of counters.

Gem of them all was a colleague's triumphant return home with parcel of specially selected spinach, to find it contained only the stalks of the vegetable.

"Cut off the ends, please," injunction to youthful greengrocery assistant in Melbourne city store had been obeyed to the letter — omission was in not stating which ends!

Basic diet

SOME people in a Sydney suburb have a cattle-dog. Peter, who is 15 years old.

They were going away, and, as Peter is so old, decided to leave him at home.

Neighbors agreed to feed him while they were absent.

"He's no trouble," the owners said. "He has one meal a day, and always the same thing — a poached egg, a cup of tea, and an aspirin."

"I'd rather have the genuine thing, John, the imitation stuff is so expensive."

PASTORAL

OF joys of nature one can never tire:
Let us take a holiday
Where the summer breezes play,
And burn our chops upon an open fire.

It's grand among the birds and bees and plants
Ah, there's nothing to compare
With the glorious open air—
Come—let us share our luncheon with the ants!

—Dorothy Drain.

My hat!

A WOMAN we know, who happens to be going to Canberra for a visit soon, went shopping for a toque to wear to tea-parties in the capital.

She casually mentioned that her visit may coincide with the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and was astonished to be offered what was declared to be a replica of a hat which the Duchess is bringing with her.

The customer replied that, as she was not entitled to wear a coronet, she felt it inadvisable to wear a proxy Royal toque.

Chopsticks

CHOPSTICKS are simple to use if you know how, says Peng Jui-fu, in the Chinese Ministry of Information's "Introducing China," but there are very important do's and dont's of chopstick etiquette to be observed.

Hold one chopstick exactly as you hold a pencil, then push second stick down through loop formed by your thumb and first finger, holding it always stationary between tip of second finger and middle of third.

It's bad manners to approach dish of food with widely opened chopsticks, so always close them before reaching.

Don't poke round seeking an especially desirable titbit, but make up your mind which piece you want and pick it up cleanly from dish.

When you have finished eating, put your chopsticks across rice bowl with blunt ends pointing toward yourself.

* * *

THE crops were ripe on one of the Western Isles, off Scotland, but for several days the weather had made harvesting impossible.

But on Sunday the weather cleared. Work on the land on Sunday is unthinkable even in wartime to these good churchgoers, so on the stroke of midnight they set out and worked through the rest of the night, gathering food for another year.

Pocketing it

STORY in the airmail from New York.

A man went into a bar and asked for a beer and a whisky. He drank the beer, and poured the whisky into his left-hand waistcoat pocket.

He ordered the drinks several times, and each time did the same thing.

At last the barman said: "Pardon my curiosity, but why are you doing that?"

The man said: "I've paid for the drinks, and it's my own business what I do with them."

Out of the waistcoat pocket lurched a bleary-eyed mouse.

"And that goes for your blanky cat, too," it said.

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Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ GENTLEMAN JIM

FROM the story of Gentleman Jim Corbett, the bank clerk who introduced footwork and Shakespeare to the boxing ring, Warners have made a film that will be a joy for the fight fans.

Apart from having some of the most exciting and realistic boxing sequences yet brought to the screen, "Gentleman Jim" is rich in entertainment value.

Errol Flynn was an expert selection for the title role, and gives one of his finest portrayals, but even his performance is overshadowed by the colorful figure of the immortal John L. Sullivan, superbly brought to the screen by Ward Bond.

Romance is supplied by Alexis Smith, who does well in a brief role. —Plaza; showing.

★★ CASANOVA BROWN

FOR their first production, International Pictures have turned out a spritely piece of froth that makes fine escapist entertainment.

Gary Cooper has a tailored-to-order role. As a shy, small-town history professor, Cooper becomes involved in a madcap marital mix-up. Thinking his marriage to Teresa Wright has been annulled, he seeks solace with Anita Louise, but in the meantime proposes to a parlor maid (Mary Treen).

The main cause of the confusion is an engaging baby, the result of his marriage with Teresa. Cooper kidnaps the child and, hidden in a hotel, endeavors to solve the mysteries of formulae, weighings-in, diapers.—Regent; showing.

★ CANDLELIGHT IN ALGERIA

THIS English wartime melodrama is dated now. The secret meeting of Allied chiefs on the deserted North African coast before the invasion there forms the basis of the plot.

The story, which is just an average spy melodrama, is smoothly treated, and distinguished by capable performances from the three leading players.

James Mason is aptly cast as the British officer; Carla Lehmann is fine as Mason's reluctant assistant. The sinister Nazi menace is splendidly done by Walter Rilla.—Civic; showing.

★ LADIES COURAGEOUS

IN spite of a good cast, and the interesting theme of the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, Universal have turned out a dull, unreal, and at times confusing, little drama.

Loretta Young is attractive as the earnest officer, and Geraldine Fitzgerald does as well as possible as her publicity-crazy sister.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

HIGHLIGHTS 2GB of the WEEK

SUNDAY — 8 p.m.
The Macquarie Play.
"They Fly By Twilight"
Drama—starring JOHN NUGENT HAYWARD and JOAN LORD.

MONDAY — 9 p.m.
"STAR THEATRE"
"Brave Man, True Lover"
With John Nugent Hayward and Lyndall Barbour.

TUESDAY — 1.30 p.m.
"Women of Courage"
Women's courage through the ages. Mon. to Thurs.

WEDNESDAY — 12.15 p.m.
"JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF SORROW"
Josephine secures another victory over the Bonapartes. Mon. to Thurs.

THURSDAY — 7.30 p.m.
"MRS. 'OBBS"
Ideal Sloan chaser — there's a laugh in every sentence. Mon. to Thurs.

FRIDAY — 7.15 p.m.
"THE TODDS"
You'll sympathise with Terry Todd in his latest dilemma.

SATURDAY — 9 p.m.
"Prisoner at the Bar"
Famous trials from the courtrooms of the world.

KEY STATION of the MACQUARIE NETWORK

Ann Sheridan covers 60,000 miles on camp tours

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

The other day I interviewed Ann Sheridan on the set of Warners' "A Night at Tony Pastors," and heard the fascinating story of Ann's 60,000-mile entertainment tour of India, Burma, China, and Africa.

BORN in the south-western State of Texas and climbing rapidly to Hollywood fame, Miss Sheridan had seen little of the world until her recent tour.

Years of travel in peacetime, she gravely observed, would have less impact than her eight weeks' tour, her flight over the Himalaya "hump" from Burma into China, her kaleidoscopic view of bombed cities, the rains in Karachi, India; an unforgettable performance in the Burmese jungle with her audience perched, like monkeys, in the trees, the wild cheers of the servicemen, and the gentle "Tek hai" (thank you) that greeted her wherever she went in India.

"We gave shows for Merrill's Marauders and General Joe Stilwell's men and General Chennault's fliers," she said.

"We gave one performance on the muddy Ledo Road. We climbed the hill from the GI mess, and it was so steep that I kept shaking right through the performance.

"This was our most memorable show. We gave it in a natural amphitheatre in the middle of the jungle. The stage was in dead centre and the men were grouped round in a circle on the hillside. But instead of sitting on the ground they perched in trees. Their cigarettes glowed through the dark like tiger eyes.

"Hollywood never managed anything more dramatic. It was weird and it was beautiful, and the men roared as they do at baseball games back home. Shivers went up and down our spines as we knew that death and laughter out there were not so far apart.

"There was no question of glamor in these surroundings," said Ann. "We were rained on so much that our hair always seemed to be wet. We used to dress in a tent behind the truck and the boys would come round with coffee in the morning, and I would go out to talk to them with my hair wet and rolled up in a turban, and no make-up on.

"We were in the middle of one of our shows when an alert sounded.

ANN SHERIDAN proudly shows her "Gurkha" knife, one of the many interesting souvenirs she collected on her recent entertainment tour.

We had to stop the show and we watched the fighters take off before we were evacuated ourselves.

"Another time in China we were just beginning our show when someone noticed that the rough log stage had no covering. It was raining heavily.

"Suddenly a platoon of GI's appeared with a huge tarpaulin and held it over us for an hour and a half. They refused to give up their front-row places even though their arms were stiff from sustaining our canopy."

Miss Sheridan toured under the auspices of the U.S.O.-Camp Shows.

Sunday in the Park

Continued from page 3

LACEY realised she hardly ever visualised him laughing, but usually with lines of tension round his eyes and frustration and anger in them.

"I'm hungry. Let's get a hot dog," Jake suggested after they had watched the crowd for a few minutes.

A hot dog—oh, sure, they had to have a hot dog! That's what they always did next. She was a fool to stay, asking for the salt he was so eager to rub into her wounds.

She said nastily, "Don't you do anything in the Army but eat?" And then she thought: Certainly you do. You try to kill people. They try to kill you. Sometimes they do it. "All right," she added, close to tears. "A hot dog it is."

They got the hot dogs, then walked out of the worst of the crowd.

Jake found a nice grassy place enclosed by the shoulders of a little hill. "Here," he said, pulling out a fresh handkerchief and spreading it on the ground. "Don't ruin the dress."

"Thanks, Raleigh," she said, sitting down. The dress, she thought—the dress, and he doesn't even remember it.

She saw herself in it, new, standing before the full-length mirror in the Tenth Street apartment. She was not quite sure about it. It was not her type of thing. It had a skirt of dark material and a lighter blouse.

Then Jake came in and saw her frowning at the mirror. "Why, look at my lovely darling!" he said.

And after that he called it "my dress." It was, "Wear my dress, Lacey." "Look pretty for me, Lacey." For a while she did wear it and love it. Then, subtly, her feeling about it changed.

So she wore it as infrequently as possible, and pretty soon she stopped wearing it at all.

That was just another thing. By that time there were so many things—big and little, and all pointing to Reno—that she lost count.

Lacey leaned back against a big rock, and Jake sat down beside her. A sense of privacy and isolation grew gradually.

Jake flipped his cigarette stub into the bushes, hitched himself a little away from the rock behind him, and stretched full length on the grass. "Ahh-hh," he said comfortably, loosening tie and collar.

In a minute or so he was asleep.

It was a relief to let the love come into her face, to cease the effort of keeping her eyes cool.

An ant circled round his hand; she brushed it off. Ridiculously she thought: I'll watch over you, darling. Depend on me.

Depend on me! The words were a distorted echo from their last weeks together, those terrible combative weeks when their marriage died.

It had started, oddly, by Jake saying, "Do you know how much I love you . . . how I depend on you?"

She had said, "Don't depend on me. I don't like to think you do. Love me, but don't depend on me."

From then on, it was all downhill.

He said things like, "I depend on you because I love you, and you don't like it because you want to stand alone."

He said, "It's the strangest thing, but I've never seen you cry."

He said, "You just dabble your toes in life. Why don't you get in and swim?"

He said, finally, "No, I don't love you. I can't love an emotional hold-out."

So she went to Reno, taking the wounds of these words with her. And the wounds didn't heal; they grew worse as gradually separation and loneliness began to demonstrate the truth of the words. And when she came back to New York to tell him, it was too late.

The park dimmed and darkened. The lights went on along the roadways and little walks of the park, but the nearest one was yards away. The little glade remained dark, and Lacey continued the guardian of it, and all it contained.

Later she heard footsteps, and talking, then suddenly a radio splintered the peace. Lacey sat up just as Jake awoke.

"That's a fine way to entertain a date," he said.

Before Lacey could speak, the radio shouted, "The Rhineland city was smashed, but German fighter strength was heavy. Eleven of our bombers are missing."

Eleven of our bombers are missing! Lacey thought of flak, of Messerschmitts, of the terrible downward plunge of a Fortress. All her love and fear for him rose up in her like the flood of tears that rose in her eyes and commenced pouring down her face.

She stood up and ran from him.

He caught her under a light. "You're crying," he said, in harsh statement. "Why?"

It was too late for pride, for the cool easy voice, too late for anything but the truth.

"Because it might have been you in one of those bombers. Because it might be you later. Because the war's so big and terrible, and I'm alone in it. Because you were right about everything, and I was wrong.

"I know how to cry now, Jake," she said. "I learned that week America went to war. And mother died then. She was in Reno with me, and she died, and I walked round the town for a while, and came and sat in the hotel. There was nobody there but strangers, and I needed you. And I came home to tell you, and you'd gone."

She paused and then said abruptly, "I love you. I always did. It just took me a long time to grow up to it."

"That was hard to say, wasn't it?" he said.

"Yes," she said, defeat dragging at her so she could hardly stand.

"I could see it, but I had to make you say it."

"I know," she said bitterly. "Revenge. Taking me all the places we used to go, doing all the old things, dragging it out of me."

He said, "I saw you before you saw me. I was watching that sea-lion, and thinking about you, and I looked up, and there you were. You were standing there in my dress, and you looked so lonely, Lacey. You came and stood by me, and when you finally looked at me, those cool-colored eyes weren't the way they used to be. They were warm, and I could see they'd learned how to love, how to cry. But I couldn't say it. If we were going to start right this time, you had to say it."

"Start?" she said shakily.

He didn't seem to hear her, but suddenly his tone changed. "Oh, Lacey, there was nothing but Reno till you could see it my way. I was betting you'd change, but it had to be something you did yourself, so I didn't write, didn't try to see you. So I waited, and it was just about forever, and then this leave came and I couldn't wait any longer. But nobody knew where you were. I couldn't find you. I was frantic and I came to the park because—"

"I know," she whispered, the tears beginning again.

He stepped forward and put his arms tight round her.

"Cry on me, darling. I love you and that's what I'm for," he said.

She clung to him, and all the old bars were down, and all the long time and loneliness wiped out, and she knew the long, hard future—their new separation, the war, her fears for him—would be eased by this memory. For under the street lamp in the park Lacey had come home.

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● Van Johnson and Phyllis Thaxter portray Lieut. (now Major) and Mrs. Ted Lawson in MGM's "Thirty Seconds Over Tokio," story of the initial bombing of Japan.

● Rita Hayworth (in private life Mrs. Orson Welles) as she appears in Columbia's technicolor, "To-night and Every Night."

★

● Maria Montez forsakes her sarong for a lavish period costume in Universal's "Bowery to Broadway."

★

● Deanna Durbin and Robert Paige are romantically teamed in Universal's technicolor musical, "Can't Help Singing."

Movie World

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727638

Gaslight . . . mystery thriller

1 **WHEN HER AUNT** is mysteriously murdered, Paula (Ingrid Bergman) flees from London. In Italy she marries Gregory (Charles Boyer), who insists they return to Paula's London home.

2 **WHEN PAULA** finds an old letter written to her aunt, Gregory terrifies her by flying into an uncontrolled rage, and from that point on he systematically tries to drive Paula insane.

3 **GREGORY** gives small trinkets to Paula, then steals them back, and accuses her of losing them.

4 **AGAINST** Paula's wishes, he insists on employing a common servant girl (Angela Lansbury).

5 **DETECTIVE** Brian (Joseph Cotten) proves to Paula that Gregory murdered her aunt, and is trying to drive her insane.

6 **EACH NIGHT** Gregory goes to the attic to search for the jewels he knows are hidden there, but on the night he discovers them Brian breaks in and denounces Gregory as the elusive murderer.

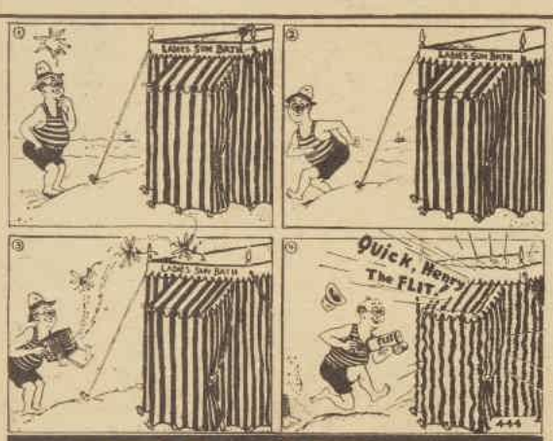
7 **RELEASED** at last from Gregory's bondage, Paula torments him as he had so frequently tormented her.

* * * * * * * * * * *

BASED on Patrick Hamilton's terrifying mystery thriller, this MGM film is set in London during the 1870's.

Directed by George Cukor and produced by Arthur Hornblow, jun., the film has an impressive trio of stars in Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, and Joseph Cotten. The supporting cast includes such well-known names as Dame May Whitty and Barbara Everest, and a brilliant 17-year-old English girl, Angela Lansbury.

* * * * * * * * * * *



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Blouses . . . for gala occasions

● A simple tunic of dull-finished white silk crepe embroidered with colorful spots to match the draped sash. A stitched band accents the cool, slit neckline and short sleeves.

● There is definite Russian influence in this frosty, cool, white sharkskin tunic, with slit sides and neckline gaily embroidered in green and orange.

● With a slender green skirt wear this gay yellow blouse scattered with white crosses. The bracelet-length sleeves and softly fluted jabot are flattering and chic.

● For festive evenings go glamorous in a slinky, deep blue satin skirt that contrasts with the diaphanous, ice-blue blouse. Ultra-feminine frills at the wrists and outlining the deep V neckline add plenty of charm.

● A trim, red linen jacket nipped into the waist is designed with three-quarter-length sleeves and a huge pussy-cat bow at the neckline. For summer evenings wear it with a long, white linen skirt.

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Accent on White

White shoes make a striking note of contrast with the tanned legs of summer.

Be sure your shoes are really white. Use Shu-milk for a perfect, snowy finish.

IN BOTTLES & TUBES 6d. and 1/-

Shu-Milk

CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

BULBS . . .

Easy to get and to grow Plant now!

THIS heart-warming picture of daffodils was taken last spring at the Government nurseries, Canberra.

HYACINTHS (pictured left) can be raised in pots and bowls, and in cooler areas they thrive in the open.

THE sooner daffodils, jonquils, and hyacinths are planted the earlier they will bloom, for they all belong to families that detest our often hot spring weather and do best in the relatively cool months.

The yellow trumpets, white-winged or bicolored trumpets, incomparabilis, barri types, leedsii types, and double daffodils are the best—but even then one has fads and fancies that must be satisfied.

The polyanthus narcissus (commonly called jonquils) are among the earliest to flower, often peeping from their bright green sheaths in the depth of winter, before even the first sign or symbol of spring has appeared.

The poeticus or pheasant's eye narcissus is another lovely member of this extensive family—fragrant, beautiful, and long-lasting.

Hyacinths are not very partial to our warm districts, but where the soil is gritty, well limed, and heavily supplied with leaf mould, will flower almost anywhere if planted fairly deeply and given a bit of coddling.

Mostly locally grown, the bulbs may be set out from early February to May in masses or clumps. Almost every color from white to deepest blue and purple is obtainable.

The bulbous irises (Dutch and Spanish types) may also be set out this month in the sunny border where the soil is good. Ixias, babianas, lachenalias, ranunculi, muscari, snowflakes, scillas, watsonias, tulips, gladioli, anemones, crocus, and freesias are others that may be set out any time between now and May for an early blaze of color during August, September, and October.—Our Home Gardener.

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE

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- Steel Guitar
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WANTED! 100 used Guitars and Banjo-Mandolins.

Get up to £10 cash for your old instrument. Any condition—anywhere. We also give up to £40 for Piano Accordions and Saxophones. Write for free valuation to the above address.

How to keep in step with the Army

BY ALLEYNE LESLIE

DON'T try to impress your soldier by turning up in slacks and telling him you're doing a man's job. That kind of act just doesn't rate with the guy who's been spending most of the last few months in fox-holes.

DO *take pains to look flower-flesh and dream-girly all the time you're with him. Wear your most feminine clothes. And melt his heart with the sweet, velvety feel of your skin. Regular use of Erasmic Cold Cream makes even old campaigners go down like ninepins.*

DON'T attempt to attract his attention in a parade by waving or shouting "Yoo-hoo, Jimmy!" He's not allowed to reply and you'll merely embarrass him.

DO *be ready to greet him afterwards with that eager, radiant look. Your best ammunition is always a complexion of disarming loveliness. A touch of Erasmic Vanishing Cream under your powder will hide any tiny flaws and make you so alluring he'll want to go A.W.L. to be with you always.*

DON'T imagine that the way to show a major your savoir-faire is to keep him waiting half an hour while you put on the extra glamour.

DO *remember that every moment of his leave is precious and be right on the tick, ready to make an indelible impression of the right kind. Finish off your beauty routine with Erasmic Powder. Delicate as gossamer, it clings to the last good-night. And its haunting fragrance will merely make him long for more of you.*

ERASMIC Beauty Products

1/2 each

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Hope for the childless

By MEDICO

I HAD not seen bluff John Hyde since I was at his wedding seven years ago. He dropped in to discuss a personal problem.

"The only thing running round our house is the fence," was how he summed up the situation.

"We've almost given up hope of having a family and we're both most unhappy about it. Is there anything in this Vitamin E—and do I take it, or does the wife?"

"There is no evidence," I replied, "that Vitamin E has any effect on reproduction in the human being.

"Vitamin E is associated with the fats in milk, meat, butter, grains, and it occurs very widely among plant and vegetable foods which have not been refined.

"It is one of the most stable of all vitamins. It is only destroyed when the fat with which it is associated becomes rancid, and we don't eat that sort of fat. Both you and your wife couldn't help getting Vitamin E in your everyday food.

The summing-up

"THE human needs for Vitamin E are not known, and methods of chemical estimation are not available.

"Early reports of the successful use of Vitamin E—rich materials in the treatment of human sterility—have not stood up to a careful scientific study."

"In that case," said John, "what can medical science do for our problem?"

"It can do a lot," I replied. "There are several well-established detailed methods of investigation which have yielded valuable results. These investigations are made into both husband and wife, and no treatment is given until the actual cause of the sterility is revealed.

"I'll give you a letter to a specialist in this branch, and he will have something definite to tell you when he has made his diagnosis.

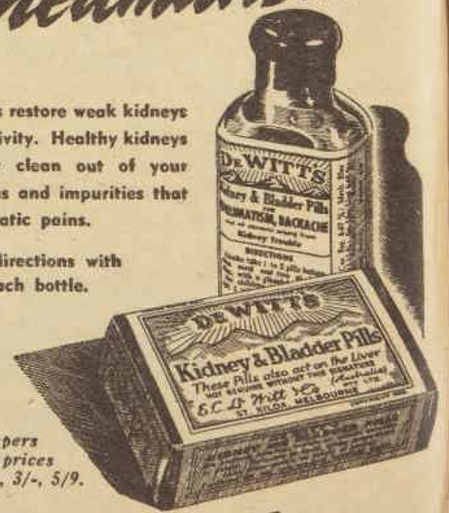
"There are, of course, sterility clinics attached to the larger metropolitan hospitals which offer skilled examination and advice to childless couples. If you wish you can attend one of these clinics."

Peggy Sage

Exclusive Manicure

DE WITT'S PILLS

A GREAT HELP FOR *Rheumatism*



De Witt's Pills restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. Healthy kidneys will promptly clean out of your system poisons and impurities that cause Rheumatic pains.

Full directions with each bottle.

Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere: prices . . . . . 1/9, 3/-, 5/9.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

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Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are **Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite, and Frequent Headaches and Colds**, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly, and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System in ten hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by one-time sufferers in 71 countries from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: *"My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak, I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me, and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."*

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! **Now in 2 sizes—1/-, 4/-.**

This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura Ointment touches the skin itching and irritation stops. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura OINTMENT

ONE OF A FAMOUS TRIO—CUTICURA SOAP, OINTMENT, TALCUM

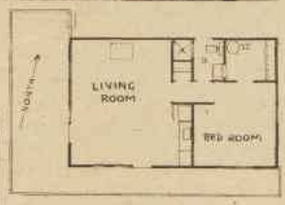
Seaside or mountain-top shack

SOME DAY you may like to build a little house like this by the sea, or perch it on a mountainous slope to use as a week-end retreat from rush and tear of workaday life. See plan below.

KITCHENETTE is recessed in one corner of the living-dining room. When the curtain is drawn, it simply vanishes.

HERE YOU SEE one end of the spacious living-room, which opens on to the wide balcony. Note day-beds, which can accommodate guests. Curtains can be drawn across window expanse at night.

BEDROOM of this bonny little house, though small, has ample space for twin beds; a large combination utility-closet room adjoins. Note window space throughout. Simplicity of furnishings lends spacious air to house.



THE PLAN may interest you. Designed by U.S. architect Gardner Dailey, of San Francisco, it is a simple rectangle, with little expensive partitioning.

—Photos courtesy U.S. Office of War Information

● Planned for week-end use, but could be a home for two

THE smart little Californian house, illustrated above, consists only of a general living-room (with a minimum kitchen unit recessed behind a curtain), a bedroom, a bath, and a storage-utility room.

Perched on a steep slope, it is bordered on two sides with a balcony to take the fullest advantage of a dramatic outlook.

Full-length windows and doors further integrate the house with its lavish treetop-and-view setting.

Simplicity is the keynote.

The structural frame is of wood; walls, both inside and out, are finished with large sheets of plywood, left natural or lightly stained.

Furnishings are similarly modest; the all-over floor covering is plain woven matting.

Actually this little house was built for week-end use, but the scheme at once suggests a home that a young couple might afford when first setting up housekeeping, or an economical house for a single person.

BANISH Unsightly Charm-Destroying HAIR

Modern frocks, swim suits *demand* under arms and legs free from hair. For a clear complexion, superfluous hair *must* be removed. Le Charme Hair Remover *positively* removes unwanted hair; destroys the roots for good; leaves skin clear and smooth. *Odorless, harmless, painless* . 7/6

Le Charme PERMANENT HAIR REMOVER

If unobtainable locally, post free from Box 2236, G.P.O., Sydney.

Thousands have written ....

THESE TABLETS can help YOU, too, to new vigorous health!

Elasto REGISTERED **TABLETS**

FOR BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES, ETC.

Thousands of grateful users have written of the amazing speed and effectiveness of Elasto in relieving weariness and pain resulting from sluggish or poor blood condition.

People suffering from rheumatism, varicose veins, varicose ulcers, piles, eczema and other skin complaints, and even phlebitis, have successfully taken Elasto tablets.

Elasto brings quick relief—the amazing efficacy of this new Biomedical treatment is due to the fact that it goes to work right at the source of the trouble—on the blood stream.

Much unnatural weariness and many chronic pain conditions are due to a break-down of the blood circulation system or a paucity of certain elements of the blood itself.

How ELASTO Works

Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food. It restores vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue. This in turn enables nature to restore elasticity to the tired and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, etc.

Results

As a result, normal, healthy circulation is re-established and true natural healing follows. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition; arteries become supple; skin troubles clear up, leg wounds heal naturally, piles and rheumatism are relieved. This is explained simply but more fully in a free booklet offered—**see below.**

What users of ELASTO say:

"No signs of varicose veins now."

"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."

"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to "Elasto", Box 1552 JJ, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

AND REMEMBER THAT PYREX TOOTH POWDER ALSO KEEPS YOUR TEETH HEALTHY

Dental authorities frequently remind us that the backs of the teeth need just as much cleaning as the fronts. And they recommend a reliable dentifrice, too. PYREX is an Antiseptic Tooth Powder which contains the active ingredients of Peroxide of Hydrogen and Milk of Magnesia—two powerful agents for the killing of mouth bacteria and for the removal of tartar and film. Remember the name when next you buy dentifrice—"PYREX."

Pyrex

ANTISEPTIC PEROXIDE TOOTH POWDER

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

PT 20

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Back to School

—And lunches to be packed for five days each week. It's a job that needs planning . . . with knowledge of nutritive requirements . . . with understanding of the social aspects involved.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

UNPACKING and eating this lunch is a social occasion. Children are observant, can be cruel, make hasty judgments.

So make this lunch-box an interesting and dainty affair, good to look at and good to eat.

I remember one lass telling me of the humiliation she went through for six long weeks during her mother's absence, when a housekeeper packed her, alternately, pickle sandwiches and jam sandwiches, great hefty ones, in newspaper parcels.

Eating an attractive lunch can give the children pride in their home, and pride, proper pride, in themselves. It develops a standard of taste in personal things, in social relationships, in food.

Such packages do not demand more money, more time. They do make a demand on love and understanding.

Here's an adequate lunch-box guide:

1.—Choose a firm, light, easy-to-carry box for packing, or crisp, gaily colored serviette, perhaps made from odds and ends left in the making of a gingham frock.

2.—Provide a light, unbreakable cup for milk and water, name-tagged if of a standard pattern.

3.—Pack a tiny, marked, hand towel for before-lunch use, to be left in school desk and brought home regularly for washing.

4.—Choose foods that are tempting to the appetite, to subdue that longing for pennies to spend on hectic fare in the little shop round the corner.

5.—Pack a satisfying amount, for there is work to be done in the afternoon. Sufficient food of the right kind keeps the body and mind alert.

6.—Use wholemeal breads, scones, and cookies rather than white.

7.—Include with the wholemeal bread nutritive spreads, especially fillings of cheese, eggs, nut butters. Vary fillings daily.

8.—Include when possible a salad vegetable, lettuce, cress, crisp carrot straws, celery.

9.—Pack one piece of fruit.

10.—Educate the children to take advantage of school milk supply.

BREAD FOR SANDWICHES

Wholemeal flour is recommended. Varying the type of bread gives added interest to the meal. Use milk bread, rye bread, and soy bread if obtainable.

Pack home-made rolls, crisp and crusty. Make nutbreads, raisin loaves, bran bread, and use for sandwiches. Pack freshly made scones with salad fillings, or make scone loaves and slice for sandwiches. Use a sharp, thin slice for cutting, and do not remove the crusts.

Young teeth and gums need exercise, so sell the children the idea of eating crusts if they waste them.

Pack sandwiches firmly in a large lettuce leaf, if available, or vine leaves, and then in greaseproof paper and serviette.

LOIS AND JOHN help to pack their school lunches, wrapping the sandwiches with salad trimmings and polishing the apples.

SANDWICH SPREADS

Butter spread may be omitted when the filling is smooth and creamy. When butter is used, extend it by creaming with a little hot milk or water, adding the liquid drop by drop until no more will be absorbed.

The butter may also be extended by creaming with a white sauce in which gelatine has been dissolved (½ teaspoon to 1 cup); proportions of sauce and butter according to taste or necessity.

Liver Spread is made by pounding minced cooked liver with a little butter or white sauce or salad dressing. Onion, parsley, or finely chopped ham may be added.

An Egg-spread may be varied by the addition of a few drops of onion juice, chopped parsley or cress, chopped celery, minced radish, curry with a little minced apple, chopped mint.

Cheese may be sliced, grated, or pounded to a paste. Pack with salad vegetables as carrot, radish, or turnip strips or greens. Or flavor in spreading with a hint of chutney or onion or peanut butter, salad dressing, tomato sauce, grated carrot, chopped parsley or mint or chopped celery.

Vegetable Fillings should be prepared just before serving. Try grated carrots mixed with salad dressing and flavored with a little chopped onion and mint; thinly sliced cucumber with peanut-butter spread; thinly sliced or minced radish with a few drops of onion juice; salad greens, as finely shredded lettuce seasoned with lemon; shredded white cabbage with a cheese or nut spread; baby nasturtium leaves or young, tender spinach.

Fish Sandwich Fillings can be delicious. Try salted anchovies blanched in boiling water, bones removed, rubbed through sieve, pounded with butter or white sauce and colored with cochineal.

Flavored Minced-meat Fillings with chopped parsley, mint, sage, celery stalks or celery leaves, salad dressing, minced radish, turnip, or parsnip.

Sweet Fillings are not usually as popular with children. Include one occasionally instead of a cookie. Try lemon cheese, grated apple and raisin, banana mashed with little cinnamon and lemon juice, apricot or plum jam with nut butter.

Do not over-flavor or over-season school sandwiches.

SANDWICH ALTERNATIVES

In place of sandwiches, pack sometimes bread and butter and salad snippets with croquettes of meat, fish, or vegetables, hard-boiled eggs, cheese wedges, or tiny shapes of brawn.

Crisp home-made pasties with cheese and vegetable fillings are satisfying and wholesome.

WHOLESOME SCONE LOAF

Twelve ounces wholemeal, self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar (may be omitted), 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, fresh or sour.

Sift flour, salt, cinnamon, tipping back the roughage. Rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly until smooth. Bake in round ball on tray in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 30 minutes, or in a loaf-tin (425deg. F.), about 45 minutes.

CLUB SANDWICH SCONE

Eight ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter and mix to a soft dough. Knead lightly into smooth round, and cut into four. Place sections together on floured tray, glaze top with milk and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. Cool on sieve. Split each scone once or twice across and fill generously with creamy savory filling such as egg and celery, moistened with white sauce or salad dressing, minced meat with parsley and white sauce, minced carrot, chives and cheese, bound with salad-dressing. Pack with salad snippets.

HONEY BRAN BREAD

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch of bicarbonate soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. dripping or butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ¾ cup bran, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Sift flour, salt, soda, and cinnamon. Rub in dripping and add brown sugar. Mix bran with beaten egg, milk, honey, and orange rind, and add to the flour mixture, blending to a soft drop consistency. Turn into two greased nut-loaf tins, and bake in fairly hot oven (375deg. F.) for about 45 minutes. Delicious as sandwich bread with cream cheese, carrot, and raisins, or any sweet filling.

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HERE'S RELIEF FOR
STIFF, ACHING MUSCLES

I thought my muscles could take it but—whew—after a week in the foundry I wished they'd lent me in the machine shop! My back was giving me gip.

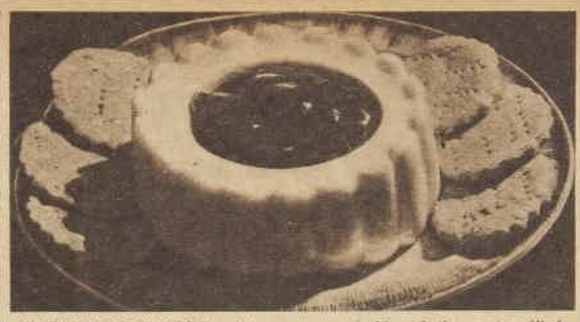
One lunchtime the foreman suggested Rexona Ointment to ease the stiffness. "I'll give anything a try that might ease this pain," I thought.

So that night, after a good hot bath, my wife smeared Rexona over my back and briskly massaged the tired, aching muscles. Next morning I was much better.

Now I can even do a spot of digging after the heaviest day knowing that, should I need it, massaging with Rexona Ointment will quickly limber up my muscles.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
OINTMENT
1/6 A JAR
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.
O.54.52

A GIFT-SHELF in the pantry is fun. Barbara Britton, young Paramount player, reserves jars from each of her preserving sessions for between-season presents: writes gay messages on labels.



CREAMY CORNFLOUR set in a recess mould and the centre filled with cherry jam . . . 2 tablespoons cornflour enough for 1 pint milk with 1 tablespoon sugar and flavoring.

Super entree for you

● How hungry are you? Whatever the answer you could not resist this week's prize dish of spaghetti and oysters. Delicious!

FIRST prize in this week's readers' recipe contest, this super entree, simple and yet intriguing in flavor, is the piece de resistance of Miss Page's Sunday supper or buffet parties.

She sometimes uses prawns or flaked salted fish in place of oysters.

This recipe contest is open weekly for homely recipes with a new turn, for special occasion dishes, for preserves, and for the other dozens of types of recipes served daily in the home.

Enter your recipe—it may win you the main prize.

SPAGHETTI AND OYSTER PIE

Cooked spaghetti, oysters, diced cooked celery, grated cheese, pepper and salt, breadcrumbs.

Grease a casserole or piedish and place in a layer of spaghetti, then a layer of oysters drained from the liquor, then a layer of diced cooked celery. Fill the dish in this manner, then pour over the oyster liquor. Cover with grated cheese and breadcrumbs mixed together. Place in the oven to reheat and brown slightly on the top. Serve hot with lemon garnish.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Gerry Page, 10 Billong St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

CARROT HONEY

One quart grated carrot, strained juice of four lemons, grated rind of two lemons, four cups sugar.

Put all ingredients into a saucepan and heat very slowly until boiling. Reduce heat and simmer gently until thick and clear. Bottle while hot into hot jars and seal when cold. Serve with cold meats or salads or as a preserve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Gregory, c/o Post Office, Carlton South, Vic.

PICKLED GRAPES

Six pounds large firm grapes, 1 quart vinegar, 3½lb. white sugar, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon spice, a blade of mace.

Carefully remove the grapes from the bunches, wash, and place in an earthenware jar. Put all the other ingredients into a preserving pan or saucepan and bring to boiling point. Boil for ten minutes and strain through a fine sieve or strainer. Pour over the grapes. Next day strain liquid off and again bring to boiling point. Repeat this process for three days, then make the mouth of the jar airtight and store in a cool place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, Rosemead, Moonta, S.A.

BUTTER STRETCHER RECIPE

One heaped tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, ½lb. butter, ½ teaspoon salt.

Place gelatine in a saucepan with 1 cup of very hot water and dissolve thoroughly, stirring well. Let it cool a little, and then shred in butter and add salt. Do not put the butter into gelatine and water while very hot, just have it hot enough to melt the butter into mixture. Beat with fork until cold. Takes from 6 to 10 minutes.

This can be used for hot buttered toast and scones, sandwiches, etc., but will not replace butter in recipes for cakes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Kathleen Milward, Myee, Lamlne St., Cooma, N.S.W.

ICED CUCUMBERS

Two medium-size cucumbers, 2 tablespoons margarine, 2 minced onions, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½lb. minced chicken or rabbit, 1 cup milk, 1 heaped teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon salt, crisp lettuce, 1 lemon.

Cut cucumber into peeled lengths, stamp out in a fluted shape, hollowing out centre. Stand on ice.

Melt margarine, add lemon juice, minced onions, simmer ¼ of an hour. Add minced chicken or rabbit, simmer 20 minutes longer, add curry and salt. Add milk. Cook till liquid is absorbed. When cold, pack into the cucumber cases. Put on ice till ready to serve. Serve on lettuce with thin slices of lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Bell, c/o Mrs. Gleeson, 17 Lisson Grove, Hawthorn, Vic.

SWEET OR SAVORY POTATO PASTIES

For Pastry: Five ounces cooked potatoes, 10oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. dripping, ½ teaspoon salt.

For Fillings use one of the following: Equal quantities of minced cooked meat and vegetables, seasoned with onion, herbs, pepper, and salt, and moistened with little gravy; cold fish bound with white sauce, and seasoned with parsley and lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce; jam sprinkled with bread or biscuit crumbs; mixed dried fruits mixed with honey and spice.

Mash the potatoes to smooth cream. Rub fat into sifted flour and salt, add potatoes, mixing to a dry dough, adding a few drops of moisture if necessary. Roll out and cut into squares. Place filling in centre, dampen round edges, and pinch over into envelope shape.

Place on greased oven tray, brush with milk, and stand 20 minutes. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Malin, Gymea Rd., Gymea Bay, N.S.W.

Help for the mother-to-be

By SISTER MARY JACOB

SEVERAL forms of pre-natal discomfort result from pressure on the nerves going to the lower limbs and on the veins bringing the blood back to the heart.

This pressure interferes with the free flow of the blood and may result in swelling of the legs, varicose veins, haemorrhoids, or painful cramps in the legs.

Intervals of rest with the feet elevated on pillows or with legs extended at right angles to the body, resting against a wall or the head of a bed will give a certain amount of relief.

However, if the weight of the abdomen can be effectively supported from the shoulders by a simply made abdominal sling or maternity belt, much can be done to relieve the pressure at the base of the abdomen and mitigate these symptoms.

Instructions for making and adjusting this simple support can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope with your request to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

You know what the sun does to your hair—so you can imagine what it is like in New Guinea and Papua. That is why "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is so popular with our boys 'Up North'. They have found that "Vaseline" Hair Tonic ends 'Dry Scalp' and keeps hair clean and healthy.

Now when you ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic, you will appreciate why you'll find it difficult to buy—until the peace is won.

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
Ends Dry Scalp

VIM
brings back lustre to pots & pans
CLEANS SMOOTHLY
A LEVER PRODUCT

Freed by the regular use of Odorono, from the fear that exercise will cause the dread perspiration odour, all your energy can be loosed in the contest. Be confident that Odorono safely checks perspiration 1-3 days, and keeps your crisp sport clothes fresh.

Odorono is used and recommended by doctors everywhere, in its Liquid or Cream form. It is depended upon by all well-groomed women in all walks of life.

Deodorant
ODO-RO-NO
PERSPIRATION CORRECTIVE!

Liquid Odorono . . . . . Safe and Sure
Cream Odorono . . . Quick and easy to use

Men are Quick to Appreciate
Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS
The palate responds to the flavour . . .

A delightful appeal is carried by that name "Rosella." Men acknowledge that it stands for natural flavour, *genuine quality* and all that is best in Sauces and Chutneys, Jams and Jellies, Pickles and *other favourites*, all of which will be obtainable again in the regular quantities, but are today going to the Forces.

CERTIFIED FOR QUALITY

Cerebos TABLE SALT
REMEMBER IT! IT WILL BE BACK WHEN PEACE COMES.

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Basic Ideas for post-war kitchens

In electric kitchen planning, convenience is everything. The sink should be placed between range and refrigerator; counter tops or work surfaces should adjoin each unit; a food preparation centre is essential next to either range or refrigerator; food and utensils should be stored within easy reach at points where used. All these basic ideas are included in this attractive Hotpoint all-electric kitchen where an interesting departure in wall treatment is achieved by a 3-tone sprayed stencil design — pale green for a cool colour note. The breakfast alcove, a popular feature with post-war planners, saves a room and countless steps. If you insist on accurate time, you'll have a G.E. Telechron electric clock, built in for neatness. Other points to note are the recessed toe spaces at the base of all cabinets and appliances, and the wall cupboards built right to the ceiling to overcome dust traps.

This kitchen includes a Hotpoint refrigerator, range, dishwasher, food mixer, toaster, iron and hot water system. Appliances can be added step by step, provided the plan is laid according to the basic ideas described above.

The Cooking Centre

The central unit of this centre is the Hotpoint electric range placed conveniently near refrigerator and dining alcove. Storage cupboards for food supplies and utensils are within easy reach. You get these advantages with Hotpoint Electric Cooking:

1. FAST COOKING, because elements heat by contact and radiation.
2. CLEAN KITCHEN, because there are no fumes to discolour walls.
3. RELIABLE COOKING, because uniform controlled heat gives uniform results.
4. ECONOMICAL COOKING, because of the general low cost of electricity supply compared with other methods.
5. THRIFTY COOKING, because food values are retained in vegetables and meats.

Keep this advertisement for future reference. This is No. 2 of a series devoted to post-war kitchen plans.

AGE

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC SERVANTS

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